WHAT MAKES THE RATE OF WAGES? BY EDWARD ATKINSON.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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A MIGHTY RISKY EXPERIMENT.

BRYAN TO WORKINGMAN: "Now, my good man, I propose to cut your dollar in two without hurting you a particle."

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

NEW YORK CITY. AUGUST 22, 1896.

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The Nation's Honor must be Preserved.

For President,

WILLIAM McKINLEY, OF OHIO.

For Vice-President,

GARRET A. HOBART, OF NEW JERSEY.

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

HARPER'S WEEKLY, August 1 to November 7, Inclusive, will be mailed on receipt of One Dollar.

"It would be a good thing for Eastern people to send copies of this campaign edition of HARPER'S WEEKLY *to all their friends in the West and South, particularly in those States termed doubtful."*

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OUR STATE ELECTION.

THE general excitement over the issues of the national canvass has prevented our approaching State election from receiving the public attention which it deserves. This State election is of peculiar importance, not merely on account of our home interests, but because of its relation to the great struggle on the field of national politics now going on. All sincere friends of the national honor and welfare agree that the election of Mr. McKINLEY to the Presidency is necessary to repel a very formidable assault upon the very citadel of our national integrity. It is a well-known fact that the free-silver heresy has made considerable inroads upon the Republican party in the agricultural districts—the party upon which Mr. McKINLEY has mainly to depend—and also that the sound-money Democrats, who until now have seen in Mr. McKINLEY the main representative of an economic system very objectionable to them, have much reluctance to overcome to bring themselves to Mr. McKINLEY'S support. That their patriotic spirit will conquer that reluctance we have no doubt. But the Republicans have every reason to abstain from whatever might make that reluctance stronger. We are confident that Mr. McKINLEY will carry the State of New York. But to be on the safe side we think that no effort should be spared to secure to that end every vote that can be got. If ever the Republican party should make itself as attractive as possible by putting forth as candidates men enjoying general confidence and esteem, it should do so now.

It is under such circumstances of unusual delicacy that Mr. ALDRIDGE, the present State Superintendent of Public Works, appears as an aspirant to the nomination for the Governorship. He is known to have used the power and patronage of his office as well as the influence of the PLATT machine to the utmost extent to secure to his interest delegates to the Republican State Convention, and he gives the public to understand that he is sure of success. It is hardly necessary to say that of all possible Republican candidates for the Governorship, Mr. ALDRIDGE is the most objectionable. His appointment to the place he now holds was one of the saddest mistakes of Governor MORTON. It is no secret that this appointment was owing to the influence of Mr. PLATT, who counted Mr. ALDRIDGE among his most unscrupulous henchmen, and wanted just such a person in the State office wielding the largest patronage. Mr. ALDRIDGE, as soon as he was in office, proceeded to turn it into a patronage-shop for machine purposes, and to this end defied the laws of the State with unprecedented shamelessness, until the courts pronounced the most unequivocal condemnation of his doings. But even then he continued his attempts to circumvent the law by slippery contrivances, and to use the power of his office for political work of which he himself is now to be the beneficiary.

It is hardly conceivable that the Republicans should think of putting forward as their standard-bearer in this State such a man at such a moment. Mr. ALDRIDGE may flatter himself with the delusion that while the public mind is so much occupied with other things he may be permitted to slip into the Governorship without attracting much attention. But he is mistaken. His campaign will be a campaign of revelations and scandals. He will hardly be in the field when the public will know much more about him than they do now. It is already rumored that if he is nominated an independent Republican candidate will appear against him. Whether this be so or not, he will certainly prove the most vulnerable, the most repulsive, and therefore the weakest candidate the Republicans can possibly select. And Republicans who have the cause of sound money and the success of McKINLEY at heart should not forget that Mr. ALDRIDGE is also the sort of man that will not scruple a moment, when hard pressed, to trade off the Presidential candidate for his own interest, and thus to endanger the election of McKINLEY in this State.

As is reported, Mr. PLATT wishes it to be understood that he does not take any interest in the nomination for the Governorship this year, and that he will leave the different rivals to fight it out among themselves. But Mr. PLATT can hardly expect anybody to believe this. He may be assured, if Mr. ALDRIDGE should be nominated for the Governorship, that he would be looked upon as Mr. PLATT'S man, just as he was known to be Mr. PLATT'S man when Governor MORTON appointed him to his present place. Mr. PLATT will therefore be held responsible for whatever may happen after Mr. ALDRIDGE'S nomination, and justly so, for everybody knows that Mr. PLATT is Mr. ALDRIDGE'S strength, and that without his support Mr. ALDRIDGE could not possibly be nominated.

Some time ago we expressed the opinion that the renomination of Governor MORTON would be the happiest solution of the gubernatorial question this year. We are still of this opinion. But if Governor MORTON will not consent to be a candidate again, the Republican Convention will not have to go far to find men fit for the place and enjoying the respect of the people. There is foremost among these Mr. ROBERTS, the present State Comptroller, who has so distinguished himself by an intelligent, watchful, upright, and courageous conduct of his office that he deserves and possesses the confidence of the people in a very high degree. It may be said of him, too, that he is loved for the enemies he has made. His nomination would greatly smooth the way of McKINLEY in this State, and therefore be especially desirable at this moment. There is also Lieutenant-Governor SAXTON, who by conspicuous service on various occasions has earned much credit, and for whom the people would be glad to vote. His nomination, too, would considerably add to the strength of the national ticket in New York. When such men are available, it would be not only foolish but almost criminal to put at the head of the Republican column, in a State so important as New York is, any man whose public character and conduct would rather repel than invite public support, and thus add to the dangers of the situation. Let the Republican leaders beware of so grave a responsibility.

MR. BRYAN'S SPEECH.

THE tone of Mr. BRYAN'S speech at the Madison Square Garden, in which he accepted the nomination of the Chicago convention, was soberer, saner, and therefore less menacing than that of any utterance made by him since he appeared before the people as an aspirant for the office of President. And yet behind the self-restraint and self-suppression of the written words lay all the demagogy of the man's own nature, and all the threats to the nation's honor, to social order, to thrift, and to property, and to the reign of law itself, that have been uttered by the ALTGELDS, the TILLMANS, the WATSONS, the COXEYS, the STEWARTS, whose wish and will have found expression in the platforms adopted at Chicago and by the Populists and silver-mine owners at St. Louis, and which Mr. BRYAN has accepted as expressive of the political and social theories for which he will stand and contend in the coming campaign. It was wise for the candidate to lay aside for the momentous evening the character of the "boy orator," and to play the rôle of a serious leader in public affairs, of a man who thinks before he speaks. It was wise to appear thoughtful even at the risk of being undramatic or even uninteresting, not necessarily because the speech was delivered in the chief commercial city of the land, but because it was to be read by the voters of the whole country. With this in mind, Mr. BRYAN sensibly made his speech better than either of his platforms, better than himself as he has been revealed in former speeches and in his editorials, better than either of the parties whose candidate he is. But in order to do this, Mr. BRYAN was obliged to overlook several important things. He forgot to repeat his admission that his triumph would probably be followed by a panic. He did not repeat his hollow and hypocritical demagogic view of the President as a "hired man," bound to servile and unquestioning obedience not only to the blind passions of the majority of the moment, but to his own blind guess as to what that majority might want him to do. He forgot to urge the country to elect a President whose wisdom and experience shall not be used for their benefit, who shall not think for them or counsel Congress, as the Constitution requires, but who shall do the bidding of masters whose will at the best he can generally only surmise. He complained because some of the men who controlled the conventions that nominated him have been called anarchists and communists. He forgot that ALTGELD was the controlling influence at Chicago, and that he himself still stands on a ticket with WATSON. He overlooked TILLMAN. He did not remember that only two evenings before his own speech, one of his ardent supporters, speaking of the aristocracy of royalty and of the "aristocracy of gold," uttered the covert threat that the former of these two aristocracies had been overthrown by gunpowder. He utterly forgot the ALTGELD declaration of the Chicago platform to the effect that the Federal government should not possess the right to suppress mob violence, even when the people's mails and property are in peril. He neglected to mention the fact that he and his party favored the repudiation of the nation's obligations, and insisted, no matter what might be the excess of the country's expenditures over its receipts, that no money should be borrowed to enable it to pay its debts to those who work for it in office, or on the land and seas, or for days' wages, or to those who furnish it with materials for its buildings, its ships, and its armament, or with food and clothing for its soldiers and sailors. He did not speak of the demand of his Populist supporters that the people be taxed $11,000,000,000 for the purchase of the railroads of the country, and that the property of citizens of the United States invested in this business should be taken by the strong hand of the paternal tyranny that is advocated by himself and his kind. He misrepresented the plank touching the Supreme Court, and which in effect asserts that the court should be packed to carry out the will of the political power. He overlooked his own and his supporters' opposition to civil service reform, an opposition expressed in the Chicago platform by the specious phrase, "We are opposed to life tenure in the public service," and in Mr. BRYAN'S own speech before the Chicago convention in the untruthful assertion that "the humbler members of our society" are excluded from the benefits of public employment by the present merit system, although, as is well understood, that is the only system under which these "humbler members of our society" have ever been able to obtain employment.

By reason of these and other omissions, as well as by the suppression of his real and essential demagogic nature, Mr. BRYAN'S speech was better than either of his platforms, or himself, or either of his parties. And this is true notwithstanding his repetition of his stupid and favorite assertions that this country ought to be independent of Europe, and ought to legislate for itself concerning finances, and that the Republican party's platform admits that the gold standard is bad. The truth is that we do legislate for ourselves on money questions, and that we have always legislated for ourselves. What Mr. BRYAN asks us to do is to repeat our attempts to be independent of the laws of nature in our financial legislation, and to try once more to do what the experience of all nations has found to be impossible. We no more obey England in adhering to the gold standard than we obey her in recognizing the law of gravitation when we build our structures and weapons, or the laws of sound when we make our fog-horns, or the laws of human nature when we establish a penal system for the punishment of crime, or the laws of civil liberty and individual freedom when we enact the principles of the Magna Charta and the Bill and the Petition of Rights in our Constitution. The assertion that the Republican party admits that the gold standard is bad is simply a bald and stupid untruth. The Republican platform declares that the gold standard must be maintained until something else is established by international agreement.

Ignoring all other issues, Mr. BRYAN rested his case on the contention that we should have a depreciated money standard. His arguments in favor of the free coinage of silver are neither new nor convincing. Such as they are, we shall consider them in the next issue of the WEEKLY, contenting ourselves now with stating that his fundamental assumptions are totally wrong. These assumptions are that the gold standard has produced distress; that prosperity is dependent on high prices; that low prices are caused by our adherence to the gold standard, and are bad for the com-

munity; and that if we have free coinage of silver we shall have bimetallism and a restored prosperity. In answer to this, it can be demonstrated that after what is called the demonetizing of silver in 1873 the country was exceptionally prosperous; that prices of commodities have not been affected by the decline in the price of silver; that wages buy more under the gold standard than they ever did before in the history of the country; that low prices are the result of improved and cheaper methods of production, and are a blessing instead of a curse; and that bimetallism cannot be maintained by this country alone, if the experience of the United States and of Europe count for anything. When Mr. BRYAN grieves over the distress of this country, and over the hardships of the wage-earners, he is talking to people whose deposits in national banks increased from $673,400,000 in 1873 to $2,000,000,000 in 1895; and whose savings in the savings-banks increased from $1,024,856,787 in 1883 to $1,810,597,023 in 1894. He is talking to wage-earners every $100 of whose incomes in 1890 bought them as much as $172 bought them in 1860. Moreover, he is talking to a people who remember that the panic of 1893 and the subsequent distress were caused by the advocates of a depreciated currency who have now made him their candidate for President.

A DEMOCRATIC DOCUMENT.

THE following paper, written for the WEEKLY by the Hon. CHARLES S. HAMLIN, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury—one of the ablest, most high-minded, and effective Democrats of New England—is a statement of the attitude that Democrats should assume to the Chicago ticket and platform. It seems to us to be the clearest and most convincing paper of the kind that has yet been published. It is as follows:

The convention recently held in Chicago was Democratic only in name. Less than ten per cent. of the delegates were members of the Democratic National Convention of 1892. The vast majority consisted of men new and strange to the councils of the party; the principles enunciated by the convention are as new and strange to Democracy as were the delegates.

Admitting the honesty of the delegates, the principles and policies announced must be accepted as indicating the course to be pursued if the nominees of the convention are elected.

Believing in the principles as well as in the name of Democracy, I can support neither the platform nor the candidates.

The platform attacks the existing gold standard of value, and claims that by legislation the purchasing power of the gold dollar or its multiples has been increased. If true, however, this same legislation must have similarly affected the existing silver dollars coined under the BLAND and SHERMAN acts; for by the maintenance of parity between gold and silver the purchasing power of coined gold and silver is the same throughout the United States—that is to say, ten silver dollars will to-day buy exactly the same amount of the necessaries of life in the United States as a ten-dollar gold piece.

In claiming this increase in purchasing power, and condemning the same as wrongful, the convention has, in fact, but recorded its belief that the silver dollar in which the wages of labor are paid to-day buys too much of the comforts and necessaries of life.

The wage-earners must answer whether they are willing to have the dollar in which they are paid lowered in purchasing power.

The silver dollar of the United States will buy nearly twice as much in countries having free silver coinage as the silver dollar of said countries. For example, in Mexico one purchasing goods worth twenty-five cents in Mexican money and paying therefor a United States silver dollar will receive back in change about one dollar and seventy-five cents in Mexican money.

It is also a well-known fact that along the Mexican border the stores quote two prices for their goods—the one in United States, the other in Mexican money—the latter price being nearly double the former. And yet the Mexican silver dollar contains more pure silver than ours!

What is the true explanation of this greater purchasing power of our silver dollar?

Not, surely, as some of our free-coinage friends contend, because of the stamp of the government upon the coin, for the stamp of the Mexican government is upon the Mexican coin as well as that of our government upon our coin.

Why, also, is it that the laborer in the United States receives a much larger number of our silver dollars for the same amount of work than does the Mexican laborer of Mexican dollars, thus giving the American wage-earners command of a much larger amount of the necessaries and luxuries of life, even were the purchasing power of each coin in the respective countries the same?

First, because the silver dollar is maintained at a parity with gold in the United States under the existing standard of value—the gold standard—adopted by the leading nations of the civilized world; a standard under which wages have increased seventy-five per cent. in thirty years, while at the same time prices of the necessaries of life have steadily decreased through the beneficent effort of inventors and improved industrial processes.

In the second place, because after a weary struggle prices and wages have been equitably adjusted to the existing standard of value, so that capital and labor each receives its just share of the products of toil.

Thirdly, because fluctuations in the value of the currency, alike injurious to capital and labor, but especially to labor, as experience has demonstrated, have been reduced to a minimum under the gold standard because of the comparative steadiness in the production and consequent stability in value of gold bullion as compared with the startling fluctuations, arising mainly from the enormous increase in the product of the silver-mines of the world, in the value of silver bullion.

The platform adopted at Chicago calls upon the wage-earner to give up the benefits of the existing gold standard and to accept in its place the fluctuating standard of silver. The result of this change, if what the silver advocates claim be true, would be to double ultimately the prices of everything the wage-earner has to buy, leaving to him the almost hopeless task of readjusting his wages to the new increased scale of prices—a task which could not be completed within a generation, if past experience counts for anything.

The platform further attacks the Supreme Court of the United States, and declares that protection of the lives and property of United States citizens by the Federal government is "an arbitrary interference by Federal authorities in local affairs," and "a crime against free institutions"—a declaration revolutionary if not anarchistic in its tendency. It also denounces the existing system of civil service, which protects the government employé against the caprice of spoilsmen.

The convention, moreover, in utter defiance of law and decent methods, deliberately unseated delegates chosen by acclamation to represent the State of Michigan by the people thereof, with no justification other than the purpose, almost openly proclaimed, of controlling the necessary two-thirds of the votes of the convention in order to secure the nomination of candidates to represent its so-called Democratic principles. Such candidates were duly placed in nomination—one a Populist, the other a protectionist! It cannot be doubted that similar treatment would have been accorded Massachusetts or New York had the necessity arisen.

The platform has been accepted in its entirety scarcely by a single Democrat of national prominence; the candidates nominated have been received with enthusiasm only by a portion of the Democrats and Populists and by a few silver Republicans; both platform and candidates have been repudiated by nearly 200 of the leading Democratic or independent newspapers of the country, among which are 31 in the South and 15 in the Mississippi Valley, and by thousands of old-line Democrats formerly powerful and prominent in party councils.

Neither the proceedings of the convention, the platform, nor the candidates were or are Democratic, or of the faintest essence of Democracy. In my judgment no Democrat is bound to support either. Nor could he support either without ceasing to be a Democrat.

CHARLES S. HAMLIN.

THE REAL PLUTOCRACY.

THERE are already signs enough that a great political party cannot even make a distinct threat of repudiation without injuring the business of the country. Those sections of the country which are most infected, or are supposed to be most infected, with repudiation naturally suffer first and most, and it is these that will suffer longest, even if the threat be not fulfilled. A very striking object-lesson in the effect of such politics upon ordinary business has been furnished by the recent offering of New York city bonds. These bonds are in no sense speculative. They are among the securities which the most "conservative" investors seek, and the community which issues them is one in respect to the financial soundness of which, meaning the unquestioned disposition as well as the unquestioned ability to pay its honest debts, there is as little doubt as in respect to any other American community. Yet it has been found impossible to market a new issue of these bonds on terms anything like so favorable as past issues have commanded.

How much worse must it be in communities in regard to which there is grave question of the disposition, and of which their own members are the first to deny their ability to pay what they already owe? And yet these communities are those which most urgently need capital from elsewhere to develop their natural resources. What a blow has already been dealt by themselves at the development of the Populistic West and the Populistic South? And this not only in respect to the large enterprises which attract large investors, but to the small investments that attract small investors. The "mortgages on farm lands" that used to be the favorite disposition of savings, as offering somewhat more interest than the savings-banks, and as unimpeachable security, have been the resource, and often the sole resource, of families that had lost their bread-winners. It is the security of these that the "debtor class" is most directly and most ferociously attacking by its crusade against honest money.

It would be ludicrous, if it were not so pathetic, to consider that it is mainly these helpless and harmless widows and orphans and old men who find themselves denounced as "Shylocks" and "gold-bugs" and "leeches" on behalf of the debtors from whom they demand nothing but to keep the agreements by which they have obtained money. It is these poor people whom the Populistic orators really aim at when they talk about "plutocrats." There is a plutocracy engaged, but it is on the other side. There is not a man of knowledge and intelligence on the side of free silver, whether as agitator, backer, or candidate, who does not know that the displacement of the gold standard would injure all legitimate business and all honest investment. It is the plutocrats of the silver-mines who have made this attack in the hope of receiving a fancy price for their own product. It is they who have for years busied themselves with the production and diffusion of a dishonest literature, with the supplying to "every one that was in debt and every one that was discontented" of pretexts that he would accept for not paying his just debts. When we consider the frightful amount of mischief these plutocrats have already done, it appears quite right to hold them up to public detestation. But it is necessary to be careful in selecting the right plutocrat for animadversion. It is not the man who gets money, on a large scale or a small, by rendering its equivalent of public service, and who lends it again to those who think they can make a profitable use of it, and engage to repay it. The dangerous and odious plutocrat is he who endeavors by unlawful trusts and monopolies and combinations to extort a fictitious price for what he has to sell. Of these combinations the most dangerous and the most odious at present by far is that of the silver men. Even if they are finally baffled, they will have succeeded in doing irreparable harm, and their most pitiable victims will be those who are now their blindest dupes. Such a plutocracy deserves the abhorrence and execration of all honest men.

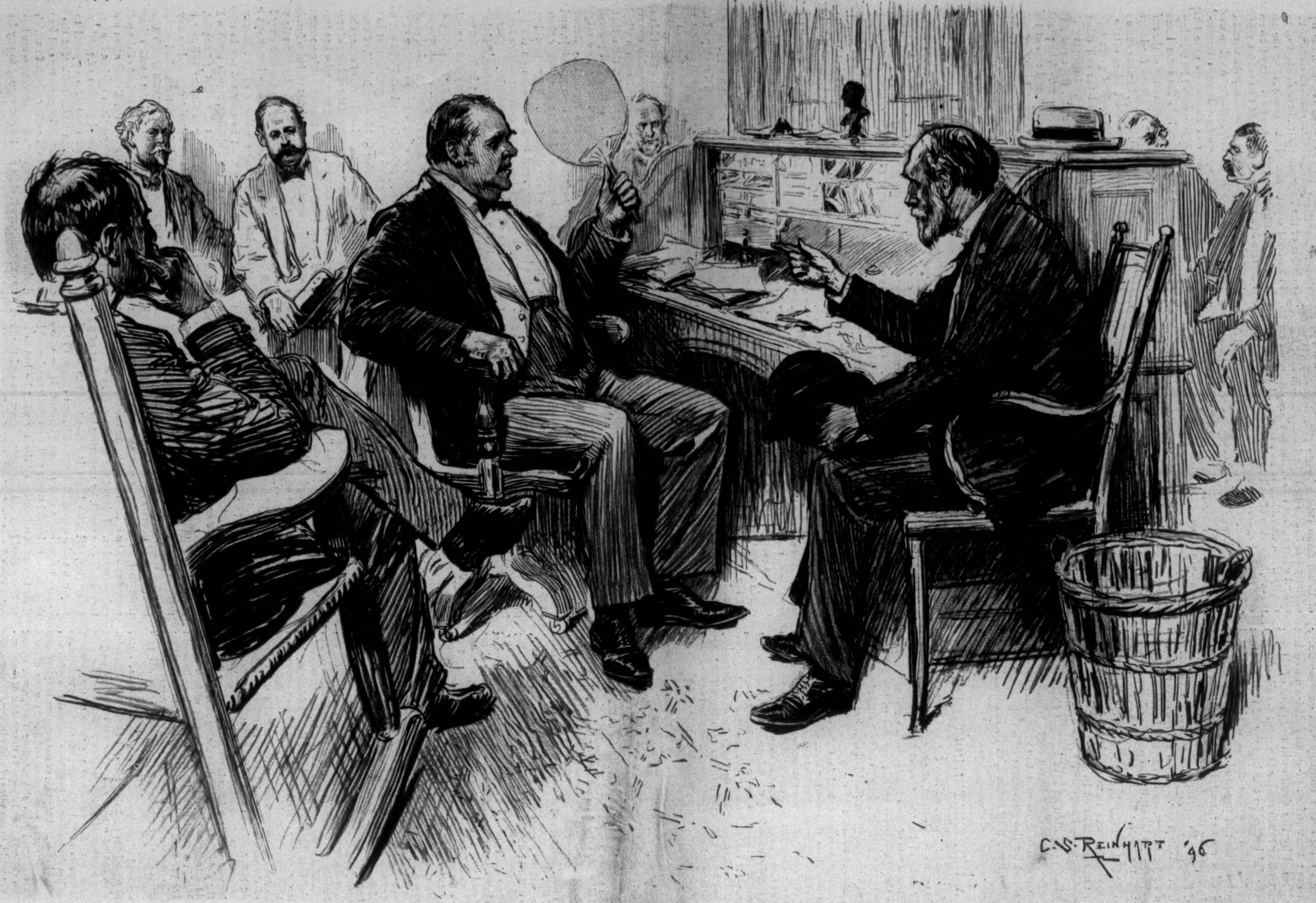
THE THIRD-PARTY MOVEMENT.

SOME of the Democrats who are opposed to Mr. BRYAN, to the depreciation of our money standard, the repudiation of the national obligations, to mob rule, and to the degradation of the Supreme Court, have determined to meet in national convention. Immediately after the nomination of Mr. BRYAN at Chicago, a good many who are now believers in a third party thought that such a movement as was begun the other day at Indianapolis would divide the gold forces and help Mr. BRYAN. As time went on, however, this opinion changed. It soon became clear that an important number of Democrats were likely to vote for the Chicago ticket because of its seeming regularity; that some others would do the same because of their failure to understand the importance of the currency issue, and because of the lack of means for instructing the voters of the party; and, finally, because some of the best-known and most overpraised leaders of the Democratic party, who might have exerted great influence, either kept silence or else accepted the evil thing from purely personal and selfish motives. In saying this we do not refer to Mr. CLEVELAND and the members of his cabinet other than to Mr. HOKE SMITH. The position of Mr. CLEVELAND is well understood, and two of his cabinet, Mr. HERBERT and Mr. MORTON, have declared their opposition to the Chicago anti-Democratic convention. Mr. OLNEY'S position is not doubted, and although there has been published and circulated a malicious untruth to the effect that Mr. CARLISLE was about to come out for Mr. BRYAN, it is known to their friends that both he and Mr. WILSON are doing excellent and effective work against the BRYAN ticket.

The drift of Democratic voters towards Mr. BRYAN, because he masquerades as the Democratic candidate, was greatly aided by the attitude of Mr. WHITNEY and one or two other leaders at Chicago. The course of the sound-money Democrats, which they advised and compelled at the convention, was so ineffective that their feeble protest is now almost forgotten. Mere abstention from voting while remaining in the convention, apparent if not active participants in what Mr. BRYAN, Mr. JONES, Mr. ALTGELD, Mr. TILLMAN, and the other leaders would probably be pleased to call its deliberations, was not only not a dramatic protest on the part of the sound-money delegates against the capture of their party by anarchists, communists, and the plutocratic silver-mine-owners who have allied themselves with anarchy and communism for their pecuniary profit, but it was lacking in that fine element of courage which is the essential stamp of authenticity upon every assertion of sincere and earnest conviction. There were Democrats in the convention and out of it who urged such action as that which Mr. WILLIAM H. CLIFFORD took the other day when he and his sound-money comrades marched out of the Maine convention; but the leaders at Chicago prevented such a display of courage, for no other reason, probably, than that they themselves did not possess it. If they had possessed it, and if there had been a bolt on the spot, we might not have had the drift towards communism by Democratic voters who love regularity more than principle, and who understand the language of the primary better than they do the language of the conscience. There would at least have been hesitancy, and then a decision on the part of many to wait until the second convention was held, and it was seen what it would do and promise.

As it is, the second Democratic convention, and the third ticket that it will probably nominate, will be distinctly in the interest of the cause of sound money and the national integrity. It is clear that a very large majority of the Democratic vote will be cast for Mr. BRYAN unless it is diverted by another Democratic candidate—a candidate who will really stand for what a large number of people regard as Democratic principles, and who will not be the leader of every one who wants the government to make him rich without exertion in his own behalf, of every fanatic who has a patent political nostrum, of every cheating debtor in the land, of every waver of the red flag of anarchy, and of every honest and suffering man who has been deluded by the lying promises of the silver-mine-owners and their political agents. The third ticket will also furnish an opportunity for the instruction of the Democratic voters by Democratic speakers, not only on the currency issue, but on the other and immensely more important issues that are involved in the candidacy of Mr. BRYAN; for Mr. BRYAN, no matter what he may not say in response to the nomination of the Populists, stands upon a Populist platform and represents Populist principles, and there is no doubt that many a sincere believer in the efficacy of free silver is as bitterly opposed as any gold man can be to the degradation of the United States Supreme Court to the level of TILLMAN'S South Carolina judiciary, and to the overthrow of the constitutional intention that the court shall be independent of the political power, and that it shall defend the Constitution and the constitutional rights of every citizen against the assaults of the ignorance, stupidity, and passion of partisanship. These sincere free-silver men are also opposed to that part of Mr. BRYAN'S platform which holds that the Federal government cannot protect its property and its mails from mob violence, and to the other plank in which it is declared that when the government's revenues are less than its expenditures it shall not borrow money to pay its honest debts. Mr. BRYAN'S hostility to Democratic principles and utterances on these and other topics should be impressed upon Democratic voters in every Congressional district, and to that end a third ticket is essential. It ought to be welcomed as an ally by every advocate of the cause of the nation's honor.

Matthew Stanley Quay. Garret A. Hobart. Mark A. Hanna. Thomas C. Platt. General Horace Porter.



REPUBLICAN NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS, NEW YORK—A CONFERENCE OF LEADERS.—DRAWN BY CHARLES S. REINHART.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN DELIVERING HIS SPEECH AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK, ACCEPTING THE CHICAGO NOMINATION.—DRAWN BY CHARLES S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 834.]

WHAT POIGNANT SORROW WOULD THE SIGHT INSPIRE!

WHAT poignant sorrow would the sight inspire
Should Famine stalk, gaunt-visaged, through the land,
Should field on wide-deserted field expand
Beneath a parching sun's unpitying fire!
Yet better far such desolation dire,
Aye! better that the pestilential hand
Of foul Disease should smite as with a brand,
Than that we trail our fair name in the mire.

Plenty will walk where blanching Famine swayed,
The soothing rain re-emerald the sod,
And wasted powers with vigor be renewed;
But how shall an escutcheon be remade?
Its scars will show, till all things merge in God,
A people's shame, a nation's turpitude!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

LIFE AND LETTERS

THE aspect of the American landscape would not vary much in mid-July whatever course you took, from South to North, or from East to West, though there are certain fine differences of expression perceptible, even in a slight change of place; and both the likeness and the unlikeness are strongly with me after the flight I have made from the lowlands of Long Island to the highlands of New Hampshire, where I am writing this.

I.

As the car window gives it, the general physiognomy of our summer is an effect of woodlands, sun-flecked, with a cool, green light among the leafy coverts, deepening in the distance; sultry gardens, with potatoes, pease, tomatoes, and squashes, cooking in the blaze of the early afternoon; orchards, hanging full of young fruit; pastures more or less starred with daisies or white clover, and cattle grazing in them; fields of tall timothy, standing even-topped or falling before the mower; fields of lusty corn, half grown and flashing their blades in the wind; fields of wheat and oats, browning and yellowing to their harvest; wood lots with the old trees cut off, and growing up in the luxuriance of young poplars, oaks, birches, and pines. This was the landscape I left in Long Island, this was the landscape that greeted me in Massachusetts, this is the landscape which comes as near smiling as it can in New Hampshire. The main difference is that the levels are here no longer horizontal, but are of all grades of inclination short of the positively perpendicular. It is a landscape peculiarly fitted to a people of frequent and sudden changes of place, who wherever they go can find themselves at home, in its varied features, just as they find themselves among their own kind all over the country, in a community of traditions, ideals, politics, and jokes. It is as if the public schools and the free libraries and the newspapers had disseminated the same scenery and the same character everywhere. But in the movement from South to North, from New York to New Hampshire, one is aware of a change in the spirit both of nature and of human nature, and there comes a moment when, looking out upon the same features in the landscape, one is aware of this. I found myself thinking at such a moment, as the train ran up along the Merrimac: "Yes, this is the serious New England summer; decorous, self-respectful, superfluous in nothing, and conscientious against waste, but sufficient, and one in character and circumstance with nine men out of every ten whom I should meet here. Everything is ruggeder than it is to the southward, and of tougher fibre, as well as of finer texture. I wonder if that is not the proper charm of New England: something delicate and tender intimated in forms untamably rude and primitive, and if this beauty of the scenery is not akin to the effect of the moral law in the heart of the New England civilization."

II.

I confess that I always like the first contact with Boston, which is necessarily at the hands of some public agency, and that my soul reposes as soon as I find myself in the keeping of a Boston hackman. He is usually a somewhat elderly man, with an air of paternity and of settled habits and the responsibilities of a good citizen. Such an one drove us from the Providence Station to the Union Depot for a dollar, and took our trunks on the rack behind, which the Boston hack always has. In New York, to purchase the same sweet security concerning our baggage, I had been obliged to hire two coupés, at an outlay of three dollars, which took each a trunk on the box with the driver, for in New York the carriages have no racks behind. Otherwise, I must have intrusted the trunks to the doubtful diligence of an express, so called, which in New York may or may not deliver your baggage where you want it within three or four hours of the time you want it. In Boston the service was done promptly, cheaply, intelligently, as it would be in London or Paris; in New York, I had to organize my own facilities, and to pay for them as if I were founding a system of transportation. I thought the Boston plan no less American than the New York plan, but I have to own that it was not more so. New York is merely in this the frontier town that it appears in so many other things, the metropolis of the Farthest West; and Boston is an outlying centre of European influence.

The words may contradict themselves, but I hope the reader sees what I mean. The two young fellows who drove my procession of coupés were as civil and as careful as my fatherly hackman, and I cannot say that the passage across New York was more unpleasant than the passage across Boston. Both cities are in a state of transition; the parts of New York we drove through seemed to be tearing down, and the parts of Boston building up; for the traveller the effect is the same. But it was raining in Boston, and in New York the sun was shining, and our own city was unquestionably of a gayer expression.

III.

We appeared to leave it far behind as soon as we stepped on the boat, which the more strenuous New England spirit characterized. The passengers on the Sound steamers are indeed always largely New England people, and on ours they were nearly all Christian Endeavorers returning from the great convention of their society at Washington to their homes in Rhode Island and New Hampshire. They were still in the glow of the excitement kindled by their meeting, and even if they had not been decorated with ribbons and badges, I think we should have known them for what they were, especially the ladies of the society. They began to sing the hymns of the Christian Endeavorers when the night fell, and the forward cabin and promenade were pretty much dedicated to a service of song. They were all kindly, friendly folks, and I liked their singing, fervent, exultant; but if I had not I could have gone to the cabin aft, where the band was playing selections from the operas; though not even by this means could I have got away from the Christian Endeavorers. They pervaded the boat, a sociable, talkative, nasal crowd, full of highly exchangeable reminiscences of their recent experiences, which one could not help overhearing on all sides. They were of the American average, and I realized in their presence how good and honest and well meaning the American average was. The sisters of the society seemed mostly travelling in little neighborhood groups of threes and fours, with a remote reference to some one of the brethren; here and there a young girl seemed quite detached, but then the whole company took care of her. They had all been having a harmless holiday, of a size commensurate with the national love of largeness, and of a sort responsive to the national love of usefulness even in a holiday; they could not perhaps have taken a mere holiday with a perfect conscience. It had been a prodigious event in their lives, and they could not quiet down from it at once. They prolonged these last hours of it far into the night, and when sleep deferred her tardy visit, and I got up to see what had become of her in the empty saloons, I found restless Endeavorers still going into and coming out of their state-rooms. About dawn, when sleep at last made me a brief call, she was interrupted by a rapping at the door of the next room, imaginably an Endeavorer's, and an excited voice saying: "Say! Git up. You don't know what you're missin'!" I knew too well, but as if reproach for missing the sunrise were justly my due, I got up, and looked out on the gaunt uplands, patched with meagre green, which made me know myself on the borders of New England.

IV.

As soon as our train had swung clear of Boston, it began running northward through the open country, with nothing apparently like a destination before it. I should have said, from its general behavior, that it had nothing more definite in view than to keep as near the Merrimac River as it could; and there is much in the aspect of this stream to reconcile the most pessimistic observer to our civilization. We may be on the verge of financial ruin, but the smooth expanses of the Merrimac, where it finds a level, do not show it. Where it breaks into a ripple, the civic future smiles, and if we are as a people neither so free nor so wise as we have been led to suppose, still the rocks blacken in the rapids of the Merrimac and whiten along its shores. Its current is dark and full in the dams, and it foams and shines as joyously in the pits below as if there were no such thing as capital or labor in the world. In fact, seen from the broad window of the parlor car, such a river as that goes far to convince the observer that there is very little amiss in the nature of things.

Our train, in abandoning itself entirely to the vagaries of this stream, did so well that we arrived about mid-day at the ancient hotel which has stood in some form or other for half a century at the gates of the mountains; and when the train committed itself to the Pemigewasset from this point, it left us behind. Twelve hours of solid sleep repaired the ravages of our voyage from New York to Providence, and it seemed like the effect of an amiable dream when we found ourselves behind a horse, subdued and chastened to our needs by time, climbing the valley-side toward a pine grove which we were told we should find at the top. The horse had taught himself to stop at the least sensation of fatigue; and we respected him the more for this prudence, because his frequent pauses gave us time to note the beauties of the landscape, which had the unmistakable look of having been painted in every picturesque point, and affected us as if it had been copied from hundreds of familiar canvases of the old American landscape school. We paid this school the tribute of recognition for the single-hearted fidelity which was the chief of its charming virtues; we saw reproduced in the intervale we were crossing its characteristic elms, standing graceful in the meadows, which were green and yellow and red in the tints of their grasses, blending to one tone in places; we saw the hay-wagons and the mowers; we saw the steely river sheathing itself in the shadowy distance; we saw the dusk and shimmer of the nearer hills and the remote purple of the loftier peaks, and over all the blue of the American sky, with spaces of white clouds; and presently we found ourselves on the brown needles at the foot of a noble pine which swung itself like a censer in the wind and gave out its balsamic odors in the sun.

This was what we had come for, and like people who are perfectly satisfied, we were silenced by the very fulness of fruition. I did not suppose another drop could have been added to our cup without making it spill in some sort of bitterness, but this happened. Seeing us so still there in the edge of the forest, a company of quails took counsel together in a neighboring thicket, and flew up and perched in the pine boughs above us, and sat modestly retired there, like so many pretty little women, with their delicate heads in the effect of an adorably neat *coiffure*.

The elastic air seemed visibly to glisten in the sun; a thin dance of heat rose from the field bordering our forest, from whose heart drew a smooth freshness, like a note of minor music, tender, cool. It was an exquisite moment, possible in its perfection only under New England skies.

W. D. HOWELLS.

THIS BUSY WORLD

MR. HANNA has come to New York and opened an office and begun to do business. He has been viewed with decided interest by sundry of the people of the town, and if one may judge from the descriptions of some of the newspaper correspondents, he gives satisfaction. The attitude of many thousand Americans toward Mr. Hanna has changed vitally during the past six weeks. Before the St. Louis convention he figured as Mr. McKinley's arbitrary manager, who insisted on the tariff as the issue and on McKinley as the candidate. Then his caution excited ridicule and his obstinacy stirred complaint. That is all changed now. Mr. Hanna is what he has been, but circumstances are different. Now he is a great prop and buttress of the gold standard, and anxious men of Manhattan remark him when he appears in public, and take courage from the sturdiness of his make-up and his resolute aspect. When the newspapers say that Mr. Hanna can work sixteen hours a day in hot weather in New York, and work effectively all the time, we are all glad of it, and wish there were two of him.

It is said of Mr. Hanna that he is a habitual winner, who has never been beaten but once, and then merely for the sake of the experience. His confidence has valuable tonic properties which are appreciated. The rumor that he gives the free-coinage infatuation sixty days in which to run its course is cheering, if not absolutely reassuring, and the "Well-I-hope-so's" that greet the report are hopeful at least if not confident.

Do you know whether it was a tornado or a cyclone that struck St. Louis? Chief Moore, of the Weather Bureau, says that very few of us know the difference between these species of storm, and he thinks we should be instructed. Newspapers, he says, usually say tornado when they mean cyclone, and *vice versa*, and he calls upon managing editors to be more accurate. He explains that a tornado is a sudden outburst of wind in an otherwise quiet atmosphere, ushered in with a loud roar like a continuous roll of thunder. Its direction is usually from southwest to northeast. Its path is narrow, 500 feet or less at its point of greatest destruction, and rarely more than twenty miles long. It often skips along, rising in the air, and swooping down again at a point further along. A cyclone is altogether different. It is a whirling windstorm, often a thousand miles across, and sometimes travels half around the globe. It whirls from left to right in the northern hemisphere and the other way in the southern hemisphere. Its winds often rise to hurricane force, but are not comparable to the extreme violence of some tornadoes. Inasmuch as we have recurring occasion to speak of tornadoes and cyclones, it is worth while to know enough about them to express ourselves intelligently. Obviously it was a tornado which struck St. Louis; whereas the silver delusion, a thousand miles or more wide and sweeping over an immense territory, is more in the nature of a cyclone. Seeing how much mischief tornadoes do in the region west of the Mississippi, it is surprising that there was not a manly protest against them in the Chicago platform.

Among the early readers of "Oliver Optic's" stories there must be a good many grandfathers by this time, but he continues to turn stories out as regularly as ever, and they continue to be bought and read. Oliver's real name, as a great many people are aware, is William T. Adams. He lives in Dorchester, Massachusetts, and the 30th of last July was his seventy-fourth birthday. It gives one a better opinion of the literary calling to read of the serene and industrious persistence with which he has followed it. His first book, *The Boat Club*, appeared in 1855. It was still in very active use a dozen years later, as the present writer can testify. Report says that it has never lost popularity, but has passed through sixty editions, and that a new one is now on the press. It shows excellent thrift on the part of a young writer to start with a book that continues to make satisfactory semiannual reports to him as long as he lives. Since he published *The Boat Club* Mr. Adams has written not less than a hundred other books, of which about 1,100,000 copies have been sold. Writing ever about boys seems to keep him young. He went around the world last year by himself, and brought home fresh stores of material. He began active life in 1842 as a school-teacher, and continued as school-teacher and master until 1865. Since then he has devoted himself to writing stories.

The Boston *Transcript* thinks that "'Finis' must be written to the long judicial career of Justice Field, and that the appointment of his successor will in all probability be the last nomination to a great office within Mr. Cleveland's gift." That was a plausible supposition on the basis of recent reports, but there seems at present to be great uncertainty both as to the state of the justice's health and as to his intentions and desires. It has lately been reported that he was not so ill as was supposed, and it has been rumored that it is not likely to be his present desire that President Cleveland should appoint his successor. All that is absolutely ascertained about Justice Field is that he is a judge of advanced years and ripe experience, and that it is a pity that he is not younger.

One class of persons who are supporting Bryan deserve the sympathy and condolences of more fortunate people. They are the editors and proprietors of Democratic papers, who, while they clearly recognize the folly of the free-silver idea and the disasters it is sure to bring with it, have not principle or decision enough to bolt the Chicago ticket, but have put up the candidate's names and are trying to make believe that they want to see Bryan elected. It is a hard year for Democratic papers in New York State anyway, but it is a great deal harder for those who are trying to give Bryan a perfunctory support against their consciences than for those who are frankly helping to beat him.

E. S. MARTIN.

LONDON.

At the very moment of Charles Dickens's burial at Mortlake, his sister Mary, the eldest of the novelist's two daughters, was lying dead at Farnham, a small Surrey village famed for its castle and Episcopal palace. Mary Dickens—or "Mamie," as her distinguished father called her—was born in 1838, when he was in the throes of writing *Oliver Twist*. We hear little of her in Forster's *Life*, which is odd, considering that Forster was her godfather. Such glimpses as we catch, however, are always pleasing. It was she who taught Dickens how to dance the polka, in view of a Twelfth-night festivity. The novelist was suddenly seized with fear that he had forgotten the step on the night previous to his public appearance, and then and there jumped out of bed—it was a bitter winter night—to practise it. "Remember that for my biography," he remarked to Forster, when describing the incident. Some of Dickens's most interesting letters were written to her while he was away on his American reading tours. They are full of a tender concern for her health, which was never robust. We hear of her, on one occasion, "distinguishing herself" at a volunteers' ball, as Dickens put it, "by fainting away in the most inaccessible place in the whole structure, and being brought out horizontally by a file of volunteers, like some slain daughter of Albion they were carrying into the street to rouse the indignant valor of the populace." For many years Miss Dickens presided over her father's household and dispensed the genial hospitality of Gadshill. "My eldest daughter," says Dickens, in 1858, "keeps house with a state and gravity becoming that high station." And again in 1869, "I often think that if Mary were to marry (which she won't), I should sell Gadshill, and go genteelly vagabondizing over the face of the earth." The event which Dickens half hoped for, half dreaded, never came about, and "Mamie" died unmarried. S. B.

PARIS.

The following letter was addressed by the Duke of Orleans to Mr. Eugène Dufeuille in announcement of his approaching marriage—a copy was immediately forwarded to all the Presidents of the Royalist Committees throughout France:

"Not being able, to my great regret, to write personally to each of the Presidents of the Royalist Committees, I beg you to announce to them, in my name, my engagement to her Imperial and Royal Highness the Archduchess Marie-Dorothée.

"I beg them to bestow upon her, who will be, in a few weeks, the Duchess of Orleans, the sentiments of fidelity and devotion which they have always shown in my behalf.

"The Archduchess Marie-Dorothée is well acquainted with the state of things in France, and I am convinced that she will soon gain the love of the French. I know already how determined she is to prove her affection to them, and to interest herself in everything which concerns our country. Your affectionate

PHILIP."

A lock of the hair of Napoleon I. was sold in London a few days since for $150. It was sent by the Emperor to Capel Lofft as a token of gratitude for his strong but unsuccessful endeavors to procure Napoleon's release while he was held prisoner on board the *Northumberland* in Plymouth Harbor. Capel Lofft, a well-known English scholar, but a lawyer by profession, claimed that Napoleon's captivity was illegal, as he had gone on board the *Bellerophon* of his own free-will. He even summoned the Prime Minister before the courts to answer for this illegal detention; but he paid dearly for his advocacy of England's enemy, and was subsequently subjected to so much persecution that he was obliged to leave the country. F. F.

CHICAGO.

A recent Illinois law provides for the indeterminate sentence of criminals and the release on parole of the well-behaved after serving the minimum period. The time has just come for the first releases from the State-Prison at Joliet under the provisions of this law, and those interested in our penal machinery will watch the results of the system with eagerness. No one can be released until occupation has been found for him in some place where he will not come into association with other convicts, and the friends of the law have been busily engaged in hunting up employers who are willing to give the men a chance to earn honest livings. Such an employer must make a written contract for a man's services with the prison authorities, and must agree, among other things, to see that a monthly report of the man's conduct is sent to the warden of the penitentiary. The responsibility of the employer himself must also be certified by some officer of the court or other person of good standing. If a man violates his parole he will be sent back to prison, and will then serve the maximum term provided by law for the crime which he has committed. The term of probation is six months, after which he may be discharged for good. This law is undoubtedly a step in the right direction. It encourages the man who really wishes to reform, and materially helps him to regain his foothold in society. On the other hand, it treats the man who cannot control his criminal instincts with marked severity, and ensures society against his depredations for a long time. One of its best results will doubtless be found in the fact that the men released on parole will be scattered over the State, one here and one there, instead of being left to congregate in the cities and stimulate one another to the commission of new offences.

Some interesting statistics have been collected by Mr. Hild, the Chicago Public Librarian, on the subject of periodicals and their popularity. The period covered is nearly one month, and the periodicals are arranged in accordance with the number of times they are drawn out for use in the reading-room. The figures are based upon a total of 50,000 calls, and the comic weeklies, *Puck* and *Judge*, head the list with 1542 and 1401 calls respectively. The political and literary papers rank next in popularity—Harper's Weekly, with 1168 calls, standing at the head. Next come the illustrated monthlies, of which Harper's Magazine proves the most popular, being called out 857 times. Several other monthlies have about 500 calls to their credit. The frequenter of the reading-room evidently wants pictures to look at; for the *Forum*, which heads the list of the unillustrated periodicals, gets only 190 demands. The English papers and magazines are called for in much the same way as the American. The humorous and illustrated weeklies, such as the London *News* and *Punch*, come first, followed by the light illustrated monthly. Of the serious monthlies only one, *The Nineteenth Century*, reaches the hundred mark. The popular German periodical is *Ueber Land und Meer*, with 672 calls; while *L'Illustration*, with 220 calls, leads the French list. These figures are interesting as showing the relative popularity of a large number of periodicals. The most obvious general conclusion to be drawn from them is that people seek the reading-room of the library for entertainment and amusement rather than for serious study, which hardly needed to be proved. W. M. P.

BOSTON.

The free-silver campaign has opened in Massachusetts amid great enthusiasm, with Mr. George Fred Williams as its leader and idol. Quarters have been taken, by a kind of practical irony, in the very rooms occupied at first by the Young Men's Democratic Club, which is now the most aggressive opponent of the free-silver party. The meeting of the Democratic Convention has been postponed till September 24, and it is sure to be the scene of a bitter struggle between the sound-money and the silver-money factions. There have always been two elements in the Democratic party in Massachusetts, corresponding to the "Silver Tops" and the "Short Hairs" in New York. The aristocratic element, led chiefly by able lawyers, residents of Boston, has, as a rule, dominated the party, and obtained the offices in those years, few and far between in Massachusetts, when offices were to be had by Democrats. The other and perhaps more numerous element, led by a convert, or pervert, from the aristocratic branch, in the person of Mr. Williams, has ranged itself on the side of free silver. This line of cleavage makes the situation more interesting, and brings in that "emotional element" which, though a thousand times kicked out of politics, returns as often.

Much fun was poked at the late Professor Horsford because he maintained that he had discovered, on the banks of the Charles River, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the exact spot where Leif Ericson and his Norsemen dwelt, when they visited this continent in or about the year 1000. Mr. Justin Winsor in especial and other considerable people connected with Harvard University were very sarcastic about the professor and his discoveries. But now come Dr. Valtyr Budmundsson, a Danish professor, and Mr. Berard Fowke, the distinguished Ohio archæologist, who declare that probably Professor Horsford was right. They have found, by excavating near Berrys Landing, in Cambridge, a foot-path and traces of a building, all of which were certainly not the work of Indians, nor of French or English people. It is more than possible, they say, that these constructions were the work of the Norsemen. Evidently we have passed through the destructive and have reached a constructive historical epoch. William Tell has already been rehabilitated, and poetry and romance will yet be justified of all their children.

The Maine Democrats have turned their coats with a shamelessness which political parties in this country have seldom exhibited. They have held a second convention, at which the former hard-money platform was taken down, a free-silver structure was put in its place, a free-silver man was nominated for Governor, and the selection of Bryan and Sewall was approved. Some, however, of the sound-money Democrats stood by their opinions, and will make a bolting nomination later. There is a great uncertainty as to the strength of the free-silver movement in Maine, for it is doubtful whether the former Greenbackers—who once elected a Governor—will join it, or whether, having seen the error of Greenbackism, they will also be shy of free silver. Mr. Bryan is to speak in Maine this week, and Senator Frye, a very effective orator, gave an instructive address last Wednesday to the farmers and backwoodsmen of Franklin County, at a town not far from his camp in the Rangeley Lakes region. H. C. M.

PHILADELPHIA.

The decision of Chancellor Nicholson, of Dover, Delaware, in the habeas corpus proceedings brought by the Single Tax advocates who are in jail, denying the motion for a writ, is the latest step which the Dover authorities have taken in their campaign against the Single Tax people in that State. There are now quite a number of the followers of Henry George languishing in the jail, and a proposition has been made to hire out the prisoners for labor on the roads, because of the overcrowding of the prison building. Whether or not this last iniquity is carried out, the fact remains that the Dover authorities already have put themselves in a questionable position by their treatment of the Single-Taxers. Legal warrant for the arrest of the latter was not perhaps wanting, provided the Single-Taxers did, as is charged, obstruct the streets or indulge in noisy, riotous, or disorderly assemblages. That they were offenders in this respect, however, seems extremely doubtful, and the case as it stands appears, so far as the action of the authorities is concerned, to be a suppression of the rights of free speech. Delaware is the stamping-ground of the Single-Tax advocates, and for three or four years past they have centred their efforts upon that State. Arrests have been made during the past three months, but apparently without dampening the ardor of the speakers, who have addressed numerous meetings. The course adopted by the authorities has had rather the effect of enlisting sympathy for the Single-Taxers than otherwise, and many people who regard the doctrines of that party as sophistries have been led to uphold them in their determination to speak when and where they will, as a result of the efforts of the Dover officials to drive them out or silence them. F. C. W.

Philadelphia has a unique religious society known as the Fellowship for Ethical Research, an offshoot from the Society for Ethical Culture. The latter organization, similar in aims and purposes to Professor Felix Adler's society in New York, maintained that certain things had been settled in ethics: for instance, that virtue was better than vice. About two years ago a minority of the society denied its right to affirm even this much, holding that its attitude should be that of inquiry solely, not of affirmation. Upon the majority determining otherwise, the dissentients withdrew and formed the Fellowship, which has no creed, no test of membership, no dues, no officers except a scribe, no obligations of any kind except to pay for the rent. If a person desires to join the organization he simply declares his intention to that effect. When he desires to withdraw he states the fact to the Fellowship, and his tenuous relation is at an end. It meets once a week, on Friday evenings, in Mercantile Library Hall, and discusses political, social, religious, and literary topics. Horace L. Traubel, one of Walt Whitman's literary executors, is its guiding spirit, if such an organization can be said to be guided or dominated. C. R. W.

NEW ORLEANS.

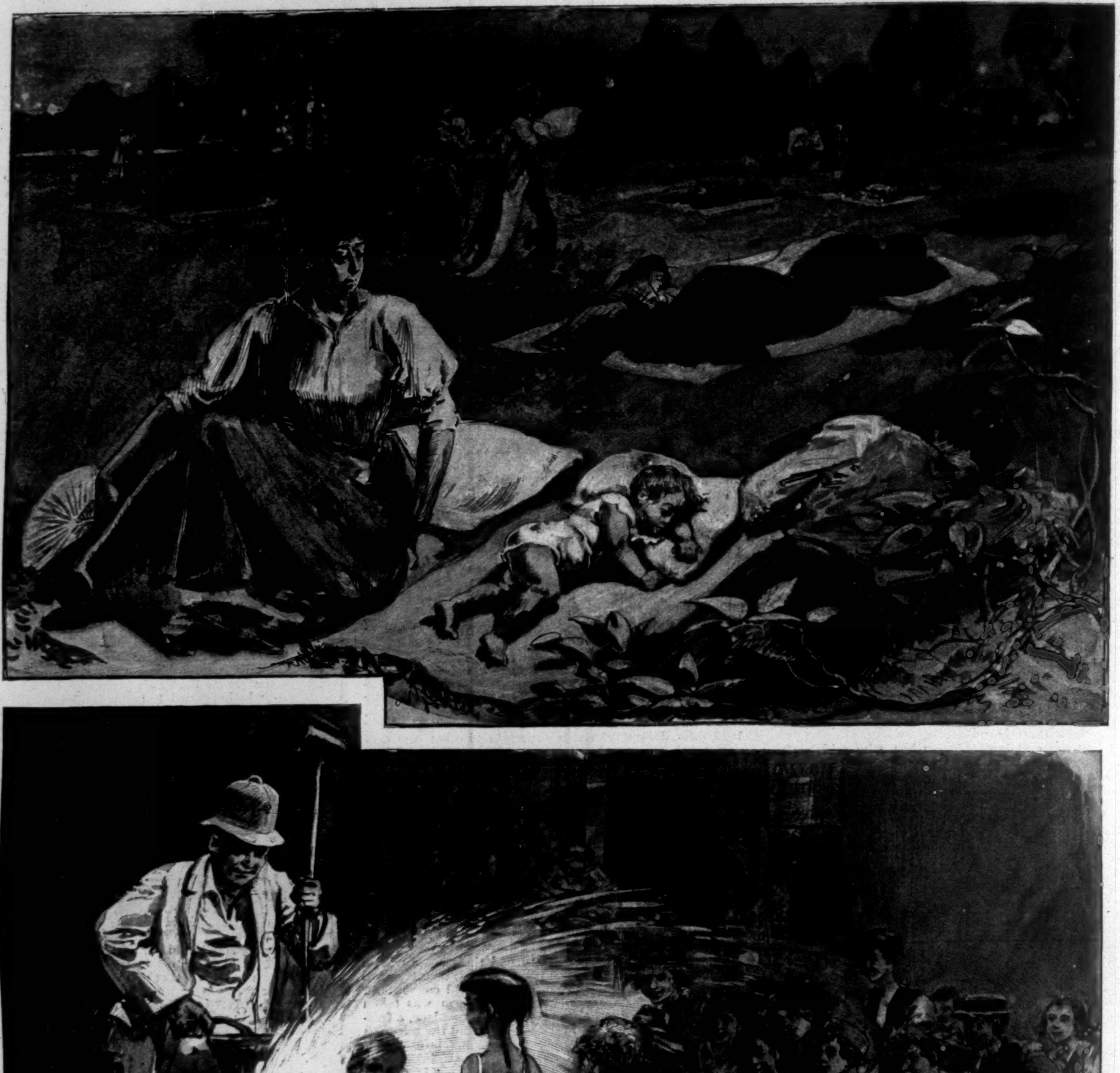
The City Council of New Orleans has just passed a law making the game of craps illegal. It does not matter where it is played, whether in the streets, in the club, or at home, craps is specially singled out as the most depraved of gambling games, not to be tolerated anywhere. The game is of New Orleans origin, and over a hundred years old. Bernard de Marigny, who entertained Louis Philippe when he came to Louisiana, and who stood, seventy years ago, at the head of the creole colony of the State as its wealthiest and most prominent citizen—he was entitled to call himself Marquis in France—was the inventor, or father, of "craps," and brought it in high favor as the fashionable gambling of the day. When he laid off his plantation, just below the then city of New Orleans—it is now the third district, but was then the Faubourg Marigny—and divided it up into lots, he named one of the principal streets "Craps," and explained that he did so because he had lost the money he received from the lots on that street in this favorite game of his. It remained Craps Street until a few years ago, when a protest was raised against such a disreputable name for a very quiet and respectable street especially given to churches. "The Craps Street Methodist Church" sounded particularly bad. After Bernard Marigny's death craps as a gambling game descended in the social scale, and was finally monopolized mainly by negroes and street gamins. Some five or six years ago, however, some Chicagoans, who happened to be on the levee in New Orleans, were struck by the game as offering novelties to the jaded taste of dice-players, and took it home with them. It crept into favor at once in the West, and "craps" now rages from the Mississippi to the Pacific, and no well-regulated gambling-house is without a "craps room." But while it has flourished elsewhere, it has been tabooed in its birthplace. And now, not content with the ordinary laws against all gambling games, the Council has declared "craps" specially prohibited, and not to be played for money even in one's back bedroom with the blinds pulled down in front.

In the Louisiana Supreme Court Building, one of the most antique and dignified in New Orleans, a relic of Spanish days, and none other than the Cabildo or government-house of the Spanish governors, is a fine collection of oil-paintings of the old jurists and lawyers of early days when the bench and bar of Louisiana claimed to be the strongest and brightest in the South. There are so many of these paintings that the walls will not hold them, and many are stacked away in piles, like old books or lumber, and covered with the dust of age. One of the best-known amateur photographers visited the court-house last week to look up a portrait of that specially bright but eccentric star of Louisiana firmament John Randolph Grymes—who resigned the office of United States District Attorney to defend Lafitte, the pirate—the picture to accompany a magazine sketch. It was not known for certain that there was a portrait of Grymes, but the old paintings were examined, and Grymes was found among them, but so deeply inlaid with dust and so worn and faded as to leave but a faint shadow of his features. All day long the photographer worked at the damaged and faded painting to try to secure a good negative from it, but in vain. Fifteen or sixteen negatives were all equally unsatisfactory, and showed only the vaguest of "spirit photographs," which would have seemed as well for Julius Cæsar as for the famous New Orleans lawyer. The work was abandoned as impossible, when a brilliant idea struck the photographer. He put all the sixteen negatives together, and produced a composite picture of Grymes. It was a complete success. The photograph was sixteen times as strong as any of the negatives had been—so strong, indeed, as to bring out the name of the painter, invisible to the naked eye. Mr. Grymes's likeness is thus saved to posterity, for this is known to be his only portrait; and the amateur photographer has the idea that he has made a discovery that will be useful in reproducing and preserving faded and almost lost paintings and photographs. N. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

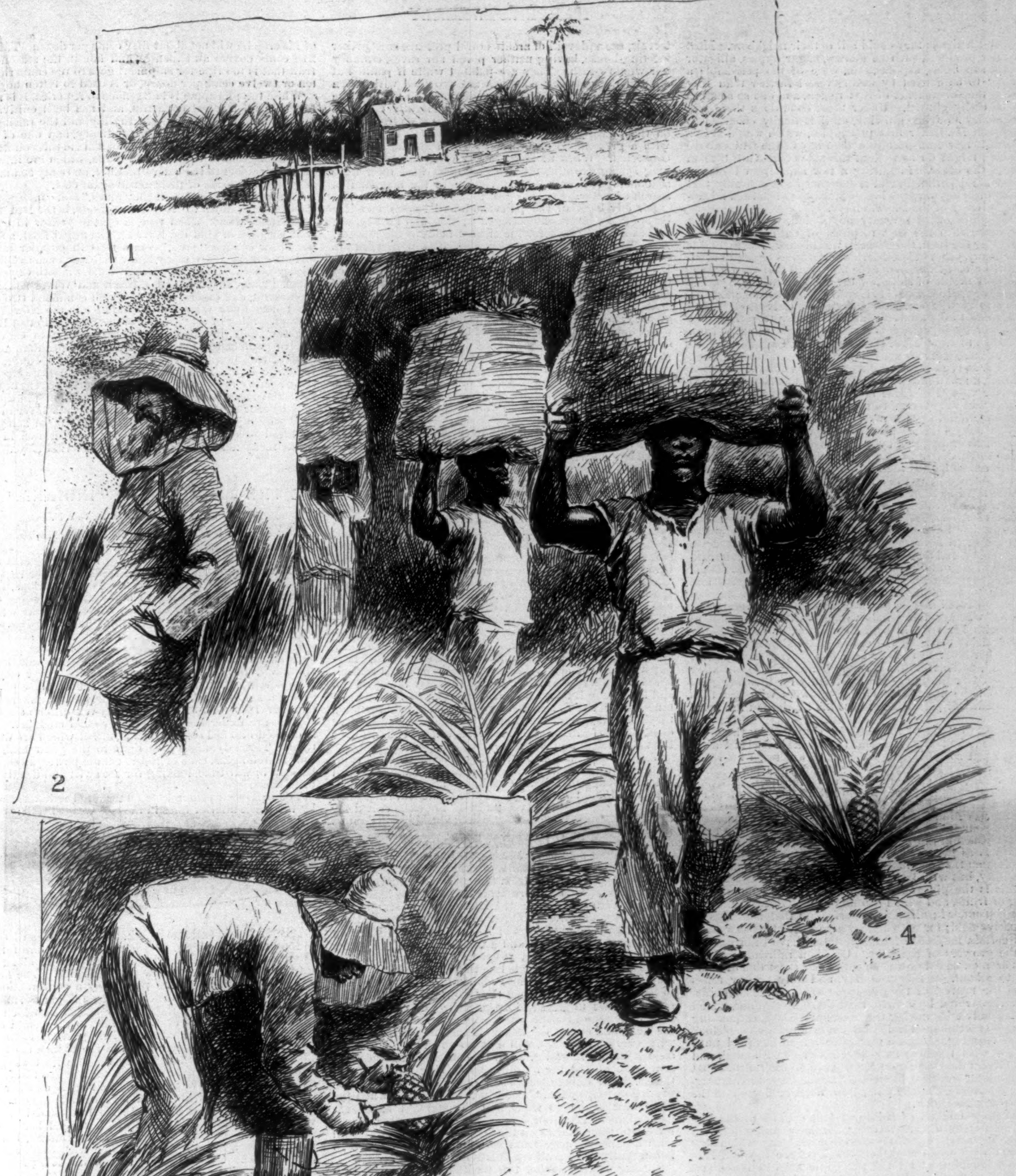
The regents of the University of California are considering the plan of appealing to the State Legislature for $1,000,000 for building purposes. This young university, which closely resembles Cornell in its relations to the State, was founded in 1870 with twelve professors and forty students. Now it has 146 in its faculty and 1124 students, with a prospect of an increase of 400 at the opening of the new college year. Its site at Berkeley, directly across the bay from San Francisco, is an ideal one, for it overlooks the noble harbor and the Golden Gate. The faculty is made up largely of young men, many of whom are doing admirable original work in their departments. The institution was helped by the opening of the Stanford University; in fact, its rapid growth dates from the beginning of this rivalry.

In San José was buried recently old pioneer John Bulbach, who was known as the man who made the first plough in California. Bulbach started out for the far West with the idea of gold-mining, but twice his horse and outfit were stolen, so that he settled in the Santa Clara Valley and founded a carriage factory. The Mexicans used the same kind of plough that is given in the Bible pictures of farming in the Holy Land, a crooked stick which merely scratched the surface of the soil, and Bulbach's iron-shod implements excited great wonder. G. H. F.



THE PROTRACTED AND FATAL HEATED TERM IN AND AROUND NEW YORK CITY.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 834.]

Sleeping at Night in the Public Parks, Brooklyn. Converting a Hydrant into a Shower-bath while Flushing the Streets with Water in the crowded Tenement-house Districts.



1. A PINEAPPLE-GROWER'S RESIDENCE. 2. A PINEAPPLE-GROWER IN FIELD ATTIRE. 3. CUTTER WORKING WITH A SMUDGE. 4. A FILE OF "TOTERS."

PINEAPPLES OF THE FLORIDA KEYS.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

WITHIN the limits of the United States there is nothing so thoroughly tropical in aspect and surroundings as a pineapple-field of the Florida Keys. There are, to be sure, other flourishing plantations of a similar character on the mainland in the vicinity of Lake Worth and on the lower Indian River, but most of these are modern affairs, fostered by the railroad recently built down the east coast. Many of them are covered with acres of unsightly slat roofs, which afford protection against the cold waves that of late years have visited that section of the country, and none of them exhibits the luxuriance of strange tropical foliage that is so attractive on the keys lying from 100 to 200 miles further south, and close to the Tropic of Cancer.

These low coral islands are curiously interesting in themselves, and totally unlike any other portion of this country. They are long and narrow, having a general trend northeast and southwest. Their outer shores are washed by the warm, wonderfully blue waters of the Gulf Stream, pouring northward five miles per hour through the narrow Strait of Florida, which alone separates them from the Bahama Islands. Some four miles outside, and lying parallel to them, uplifted from tremendous depths by the incredible toil of minute polypes, is the great Florida Reef, a marvellous coral barrier, against which the fiercest hurricane seas dash themselves with impotent fury.

Back of the keys, stretching away to the mainland, is a shallow bay, tinted in every shade of green, and dotted with numberless mangrove islets. All of these waters teem with strangely beautiful or monstrous marine life—sponges of many varieties; sea fans and feathers, crimson or purple, waving in the ever-restless currents; exquisite algæ of every form and color; gleaming corals; tinted shells; darting fish as brilliant of hue as tropic birds; sharks, crocodiles, manatees, huge turtles, and an infinity of other curious forms, uncouth and terrible or dainty and exquisitely beautiful.

While the range of keys is 200 miles long, extending from Cape Florida on the northeast to the Tortugas on the west—and there are many hundreds of them within this limit—only five have been found to possess conditions favorable to the best growth of pineapples. These are Elliots Key, lying on the eastern side of Biscayne Bay and just south of Cape Florida, Old Rhoades, Cayo Largo, which is about thirty miles long, Plantation Key, and Upper Metacumbe. On these keys the area at present devoted to pineapples—or "pines," as they are locally termed—is about one thousand acres, and from them several millions of pineapples are now being shipped to northern markets or local canneries.

This great industry was wholly unknown to this country prior to 1854, and it was not until the seventies that Florida pineapples from the keys began to appear in New York and other Atlantic coast cities. The attention of the first settlers on the keys was wholly directed to wrecking and beach-combing—extremely profitable occupations that were reduced to insignificant proportions by the establishment on the reef of the present superb range of first-order lights. Then the ex-wreckers became spongers, and, in a desultory way, raisers of such garden-truck and

tropical fruits as they could sell to their neighbors. Most of their products, such as guavas, sugar apples, alligator pears, sapodillas, sapotas, etc., were of too perishable a nature to be carried by sailing-vessel further than Key West, the sole market of that region, and one so small as to be easily glutted. Under these conditions there was no money in fruit-growing, until it finally occurred to a certain Mr. Baker that pineapples, which would bear a much longer transportation than any of the fruits above named, might do as well on this side of the Gulf Stream as on the other. Procuring a few slips from Cuba, he tried the experiment, and it succeeded so admirably that from that day the growing of pineapples has been a leading industry of the Florida Keys.

Of course, with a scanty population, who must learn by experience the best methods of cultivation and of handling the fruit, the business was of slow growth, and it was many years before Florida pineapples began to influence the markets. From the first, until this very season, the only means of shipping the fruit from the keys has been by small schooners to Key West, and by steamer from there to New York, New Orleans, or Galveston; larger schooners to Jacksonville, and a transfer to rail at that point, or by big sea-going sailing-vessels directly from the keys to New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore. The first of these methods necessitated a voyage of one hundred miles or so backwards, or directly away from the proposed market, a rehandling and transshipment at Key West, and another voyage of three or four days by steamer, all of which was very trying to the fruit, as well as expensive and uncertain to the grower.

The second method entailed a voyage of uncertain length, generally beset by head-winds up the long Florida coast to St. Johns bar, an expensive tow up the river, a costly rehandling of the fruit in Jacksonville, and several days' journey by rail to a market.

The third or all-sea method involved an agreement by half a dozen growers to charter a large vessel at an expense of from $800 to $1200, a guessing at the proper time for her to be on hand and begin loading, the anxieties and often disastrous disappointments attendant upon her coming, and the exhausting labor—which must be continued night and day in the height of the mosquito season—of cutting, carrying out from the fields, lightering, and getting on board her tremendous cargo. When she was at length laden and despatched it was wholly a matter of chance whether fair winds would waft her speedily to port with her fruit in prime condition, or foul weather would delay her until the entire cargo should ripen and rot in her hold. In either case her charter money must be paid, and never did a sailor homeward bound after years of voyaging pray more fervently for favoring gales than did the anxious pineapple-growers who had thus intrusted their perishable crop to the caprices of the fickle winds.

Although "pines" intended for shipment by these uncertain methods were cut some two weeks before maturity, they ripen so rapidly in the heat of a vessel's hold that generally one in every four, or twenty-five per cent. of the whole, was spoiled before reaching its destination. Thus the product of the Florida Keys has heretofore not only been high-priced in Northern markets, but the consumer has found it to be devoid of the true pineapple flavor, sour, fibrous, and indigestible, whereas the same fruit ripened in the field and sun-kissed until of a golden yellow is as juicy as an orange, as sweet as sugar, and so wholesome that one may eat it in quantity not only with impunity, but with beneficial effects.

This is the pineapple that has been justly named the king of fruits, and which can now be delivered to the distant consumer in almost the perfection that it attains in its native field; for with this season of 1896 two new swift and certain methods of transportation have been opened to the growers of the keys. One is a railroad that has just been extended down the entire east coast line of Florida to Miami, on Biscayne Bay, and only twenty miles from the nearest of the pineapple keys. This short distance is covered by a swift light-draught steamer, which makes daily trips during the pineapple season, connecting with the north-bound train that leaves Miami at five o'clock every morning. Thus a pineapple left in the field until yellow with ripeness may be cut, wrapped, crated, and put aboard the steamer on Monday, reach the railroad that same night, and be delivered to the consumer in Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, or Boston on the following Thursday.

Another method of shipment just opened to the key growers is by a swift steamer, formerly well known to New-Yorkers as one of the Long Branch boats, which now plies three times a week between Biscayne Bay and Key West, touching at all the pineapple keys *en route*, and making connection at the latter place with other steamers for New York, Tampa, New Orleans, and Galveston.

Most of the Florida Keys are low, sandy, and covered with mangrove, or a thin growth of wiregrass and scrub; but the pineapple keys have a central elevation of from ten to sixteen feet above tide-water, are of coral, and covered by a superb growth of hard-wood timber, such as mahogany, iron-wood, mastic, crab-wood, and other valuable trees, which have deposited a vegetable mould for countless ages. While a cleared field on one of the keys is as rocky as a Vermont hill pasture, and must be cultivated with a pickaxe, there is no better pineapple land in the world, and none from which the fruit obtains so fine a flavor. The porous coral retains moisture long after it has disappeared from the sandy soil of the mainland, and at the same time yields an amount of phosphate that unites with the overlying mould to form a perfect pineapple food. Thus it has not yet been found necessary to use on the keys those commercial fertilizers that elsewhere force "pines" to an abnormal growth at the expense of flavor; but, grown in a virgin soil, without the stimulus of artificial manures, the key pineapples attain a juiciness and flavor as distinctly their own as is that of the Indian River orange.

The voyager along the coast of these Florida Keys sees nothing to indicate the presence of the great pineapple-fields that occupy them from end to end. The emerald waters, almost as transparent as air itself, break in a fleecy fringe on the dazzling beach of coral sand. Just behind rise groves of tall cocoanut-palms, whose shredded leaves rustle like the patter of rain, and in whose shadow nestle little clusters of wooden buildings occupied by pineapple-growers as residences, packing-houses, quarters, etc. These structures, scattered along the beach at wide intervals, are as devoid of architectural pretence as a Quaker meeting-house, having neither porch nor eaves, chimney nor window-sash. They are painted white if painted at all, and their staring windows are provided with green board shutters that are always wide open in the daytime to admit the welcome sea-breezes, and tightly closed at night to keep out mosquitoes. As there is no fresh water on the pineapple keys, each tiny settlement is provided with a great stone cistern, with which all the roofs are connected. When these go dry, as often happens in the long spring drouths, the growers must load their little schooners with barrels, and voyage to the mainland in search of water.

Directly back of the palm-shadowed houses stands a belt of dense forest, extending entirely around the key, and left as a wind-break for the cleared fields of the interior. A narrow and wofully rocky path, dim with shadows even at noonday, traverses this strip of timber, but quickly emerges from it into the glare and breathless heat of the pineapple-fields. In May and June the coloring of these ten, twenty, forty, and sometimes one hundred acre fields is wonderfully beautiful. Scarlet, bronze, orange, green, yellows, and browns are blended in glowing masses, while the whole picture is framed by the encircling forest and arched with cloudless blue. The landscape is oppressively still; for a gale of wind could hardly impart movement to the stiff bayonetlike leaves of the "pines," and even the great glossy fronds of the bananas, that are set here and there in crowding clusters like dark green islets in a sea of color, stand motionless in the lee of the protecting wind-break.

The field is traversed at wide intervals by narrow roads, whose gleaming whiteness is painful to the eye, and which are so strewn with loose rocks as to make one ache in anticipation at the thought of walking in them. Yet, if it be cutting season, even as the visitor hesitates before attempting to traverse these rugged trails, he may see coming towards him a procession of coal-black negroes, walking in single file easily and without hesitation, though each bears on his head an immense burden of pineapples, in mat baskets woven of palmetto. These baskets are soft of texture, very tough, and somewhat funnel-shaped, being larger at the bottom than at the top. The average burden to be "toted" out in one of them by each man is four or five dozen "pines," or from 200 to 250 pounds. If the visitor happens to be on Elliots Key, he may chance to meet a file of "toters" headed by Black Cæsar, a gigantic specimen of human ebony, who maintains his reputation as the strongest man of the pineapple keys by poising on his head a burden of ten dozen "pines," having a weight of nearly 500 pounds. When it is remembered that this weight is not merely lifted into position and held there for a short space, but is borne for long distances over the roughest of rocky roads in breathless tropical heat several times an hour for many consecutive days, the performance becomes a marvellous exhibition of human strength and endurance.

The "toters" are clad in heavy brogans, canvas trousers, and under-shirts, with an occasional bit of added color in shape of a scarlet sash, but are all bareheaded, barearmed, and barebreasted. Their burdens are deposited at the packing-houses if the "pines" are to be crated for shipment by rail, or in flat-bottomed, bluff-bowed lighters if the fruit is to be laden in bulk on board the awning-shaded vessels lying at anchor a half-mile off shore.

Back in the field the "cutters," burly Bahama negroes, wear heavy shoes, entire suits of canvas, and stout gloves to protect their hands from the poisonous spines with which pineapple leaves are armed from tip to base. Inured as these sons of the tropics are to the stinging of insects, they are often obliged to further protect themselves with head-coverings of netting, for cutting season is also mosquito season, and a disturbance of the plants drives out these winged pests in blinding, suffocating myriads, whose humming is like that of the wind through taut rigging. In such dense clouds do they appear, and so bloodthirsty are they, that they would soon do to death man or beast unprotected from their venomous attack. When they are at their worst no white man dares enter the field, and even the thicker-skinned negroes, provided with every protection, will not do so until nine or ten o'clock in the morning, when the sun, high and hot, has somewhat abated the nuisance by driving the insects to the shade of foliage. At such times work is again suspended at four or five o'clock in the afternoon, when the sun's heat begins to wane, and the stalwart hands, exhausted, not with labor, but by incessant warfare, beat a retreat to their houses on the beach. These they first fill with a dense smudge from slow-burning fires, and then hermetically close until the following morning.

During cutting season this unskilled negro labor commands for its six hours of work from $2 to $2 50 per day, together with board and lodging; but anybody familiar with the attendant conditions will readily acknowledge that the pay is none too high for the service rendered.

The pineapple belongs to the family *Bromelia*, which, strange as it may seem, is also that of the graceful Spanish moss and the air-plants found on so many Southern trees. Although it has no seeds, it is provided with three means of reproduction—suckers, which shoot from the base of the plant; slips, which grow about the base of the fruit; and a crown, which is the leafy appendage that every pineapple carries, even to far distant markets and the table of its purchaser. This last will grow, if planted under suitable conditions, and bear fruit within eighteen months. The slips, of which every matured fruit has from six to a dozen, will also bear in eighteen months from the time of setting out, and are what is generally planted. The suckers will bear fruit, somewhat smaller than the original, in twelve months, and are generally left attached to the parent stem, which thus continues to reproduce fruit of steadily deteriorating quality for several years.

The slips are set out early in the rainy season, in July or August, and about ten thousand are planted to the acre. Two-thirds of these, or about seven thousand, may be expected to bear fruit. The field is cultivated and kept free from weeds until the plants are so thickly interlaced as to completely shade the ground and prevent any other growth, after which it is left untouched until the season for cutting. The plants do not attain a height of more than two or three and a half feet, and each bears but a single fruit. The first "pines" to reach a market generally net the grower from $1 20 to $1 50 per dozen. For the bulk of his crop he will net about fifty cents per dozen. Thirty-five cents covers all expenses, and late in the season the fruit that is too ripe for shipment goes to the canneries at ten or twelve cents per dozen, or is used to fatten hogs.

While the pineapple is indigenous to America, it is now found in all tropical countries, and has been cultivated into an infinity of varieties. In England the raising of hot-house pines is a recognized industry, and one of the most snobbish exhibitions of Anglomania in this country is the importation of these insipid fruits, which are inferior in every respect to the native product, and only command attention by means of their extravagant cost.

The most common American "pines," and consequently the one best known to Northern markets, is the Red Top, or Spanish, which, when ripe, is orange yellow in color, with a crown of gold-red leaves. The Sugar-Loaf, a slender straw-colored "pine," comes next in popular favor, and after these follow many fancy varieties, such as Queen, Ripley Queen, Moscow Queen, Abbaka, Smooth Cayenne, Black Prince, Black Jamaica, Black and White Antigua, Montserrat, and others, some of which command two dollars apiece upon their first appearance in the New York market. King of all "pines" is the Puerto (Porto) Rico, a great, juicy, luscious fellow, weighing from eight to twelve pounds, but too delicate to bear more than a few days of transportation from its native field. Heretofore therefore it has only been known to the growers and their near-by neighbors; but now, with the advent of railroad and steamboat, even this most tender of pineapples may be sent to distant markets, and many a lover of the fruit will enjoy a new sensation this year upon being introduced to a native Puerto Rico "pine" grown in one of the rocky fields of the far southern Florida Keys.

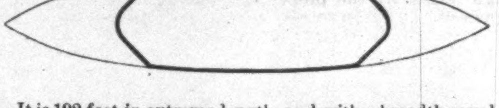
THE BATTLE-SHIP "INDIANA."

BY EUSTACE B. ROGERS, U. S. N.

The *Indiana* is 350 feet long, 69 feet 3 inches beam, and at 24 feet draught displaces 10,288 tons.

A mere statistical enumeration of her components conveys no adequate idea of the tremendous power that lies hidden within her massive sides. To the curious, however, it may be interesting to know that, excluding Gatlings, she mounts in all 42 guns. The aggregate weight of the metal thrown by these guns at one discharge is 6926 pounds, which exceeds that of any battle-ship in the world, and the weight of powder required is 3318 pounds. This ammunition comes from 39 shell-rooms and magazines, and from a store of over 450 tons. Her engines have developed, under forced draught, 9738 horse-power, giving a speed of 15.54 knots. Thirty coal-bunkers contain her 1850 tons of coal. Eighty-six different steam-engines are under the charge of her chief engineer. She is divided into 380 compartments, 272 of which are water-tight. Three dynamos give light to the great hull, and four search-lights, each of 10,000 candle-power, sweep the horizon in war-time, looking for the swift and deadly torpedo-boats.

The defensive principle is an armored redoubt, shown by the black interior lines in the following sketch:



It is 192 feet in extreme length, and with a breadth equal to the beam of the ship. Its horizontal walls are formed by the belts of 18-inch armor which extend along the ship's sides above and below the water-line. The heavy bulkheads at the ends are practically a continuation of the side armor, as they are of the same thickness, and incline inwards to meet the circular barbettes, which rise from either extremity of the redoubt to the height of 18 feet, and are of 17-inch armor. Fitting snugly in the upper ends of the huge cylinders are the 13-inch turrets of 15-inch steel, which, though they weigh, with their great guns and carriages, over 400 tons each, are so nicely balanced that they move noiselessly and easily on their rollers, obedient to the will that guides the single hand resting upon the controlling lever. Inside this citadel are the vitals of the battle-ship, upon which depend her energy and her life. Outside the ends are unarmored, but are protected by a broad coffer-dam filled with water-excluding material. Over all ends and redoubt is a protective deck of 3-inch steel, extending from ram to stern-post. The arrangement of compartments, passages, and coal-bunkers is such that it is by no means certain that a blow from the ram of an enemy would prove the doom of the *Indiana*.

As an engine of war she seems to be a sound compromise between the demands of armor, guns, speed, and coal supply, blending admirably immense powers of offence with great capacities for defence, and represents the maximum of efficiency to the minimum of tons. Her designer has accomplished with less displacement, and therefore less weight, what the naval architects of other countries have needed twelve or fourteen thousand tons to produce.

In her general build she does not differ widely from the battle-ships of other nations; but in one feature of her construction she stands almost alone—that is, in her eight 8-inch rifles mounted in pairs in turrets at the four corners of her superstructure. It is the possession of these which marks the essential difference between herself and others. The practice of mounting the largest guns, singly or in pairs, in turrets placed in echelon or on the midship-line, is more or less common; but, with the exception of three battle-ships now building for Russia, the *Indiana* is the only battle-ship in which the great guns are supplemented by so large a gun as an 8-inch—the next size being, with the exceptions noted, in almost all cases 6-inch rifles.

The difference between a 6 and an 8 inch gun does not seem at first sight to be very great, whereas in reality it is enormous. The former is fired with a charge of about 47 pounds of powder and throws a 100-pound projectile, while the latter requires from 105 to 115 pounds of powder, and its projectile weighs 250 pounds.

It is difficult to realize that most of the modernisms which distinguish the war-vessels of to-day have come

within the last two decades. The captain no longer stands upon the poop or bridge and makes his orders heard over the decks, or receives news from the more distant points by the nimble-footed messenger. The rapid-fire gun has made that impossible. To-day he is shut up in an armored tower. His orders are sent to points near and remote through a speaking-tube or by a telephone. The trumpet is replaced by the electric wire. Science has supplied him with delicate instruments which tell him the distance of the enemy, the angle of the helm, the number of revolutions of the screws. By touching an electric button he can discharge any or all of the guns or unloose the dread torpedo.

The great crews are gone. The line-of-battle ships of fifty years ago carried from 800 to 1000 men. The frigate *Constitution* fought the *Guerrière* with a crew of 456, and steam did not then exist afloat to claim its portion of the complement. The *Indiana* would go into action with about 550 men all told. It required 13 men to fight the long 24-pounder of the war of 1812, and 14 was the crew of a Monitor's 15-inch smooth-bore in the civil war. To-day six men elevate and depress, load and fire, a 60-ton 13-inch gun in the *Indiana's* turret.

The solid shot of a century since, and the sand or lead filled, and fuzed, shells of a later period, which were passed from hand to hand or hauled to the decks by whips and pulleys, have entirely disappeared. Now the conical projectiles are moved from place to place on overhead trolleys, raised to the guns by electricity or steam, passing through armored cylinders, and their movements controlled by a single lever.

The black and glistening grains of cannon powder have been replaced by the brown and rusty-looking prisms of the slow-burning variety, which is neatly stacked, in its white serge bags, in the powder sections for the 8-inch and 13-inch, or comes on deck in the form of a gigantic cartridge for the rapid-fire gun, with its capacity of five shots, throwing 500 pounds of projectiles each minute (for 6-inch rapid-fire gun).

In all these changes the man-of-war's man can scarcely have stood still. Though the sea still exercises its peculiar influence on his character, "activity aloft" and proficiency in seamanship are not now the prime requisites of the seaman. No longer Jack Tar, he has appropriately been dubbed Jack Paint. Demands are made upon his intelligence much beyond those of former days. He has become a composite, neither sailor nor soldier, but with duties pertaining more largely to the trade of the latter than the former, to the performance of which he brings that readiness of resource and quickness of movement which characterize him. To this must be added the requirements of the delicate mechanisms he manipulates, which, though they have made a modern ship-of-war a remarkable example of that economy of labor secured by the extensive use of machinery, have, at the same time, created a demand, which only two decades since had no existence whatever, for specialized intelligence.

A modern battle-ship is made up of a number of isolated fighting stations. In the *Indiana* the six turrets, an equal number of torpedo-tubes, the secondary battery, the military tops, the engine-rooms, and many other places where men are stationed in battle, are nearly as completely separated as if they were in different ships. It almost seems as if the captain has no recourse but to put his ship in action and then give a general order, "Wherever you see a head, hit it." Water-tight doors are rigidly closed, those only being open which are necessarily so for the passage of ammunition.

Deep down in the 13-inch towers are the handling-rooms, with shell-rooms and magazines about them. The great projectiles, a half a ton in weight, are slung in shell-tongs, run out of their rooms on trolleys, and pushed into the cylindrical cars in the ammunition lift, and, with the powder sections similarly placed (two projectiles and two charges of powder weighing together 3300 pounds), are hoisted by hydraulic power to positions opposite the breeches of the 13-inch guns. The ponderous rifles are depressed to meet them. Telescopic rammers, urged by the same hydraulic pressure, fall into line, quickly extend themselves, pushing the pointed cylinders of steel into the guns and the powder into their chambers. A few turns of the cranks swing the heavy breech-blocks into place and lock them. The electric primers are inserted, and the touch of a button explodes 1100 pounds of powder, and sends the two masses of steel on their murderous errand.

The 8-inch turrets are supplied each from its own ammunition hoist. These are protected by armored cylinders of steel extending from the floors of the turrets to the ammunition passage, three decks below. The 8-inch projectiles are carried from the shell-rooms by men especially selected for their strength, and raised, with the powder charges, to the level of the guns by an electric motor in the turret and controlled there. The ammunition for the 6-inch guns is passed from the magazines by hand, and the rapid-fire cartridges are at hand in cases near the pieces.

Into the cylinders of the Whitehead torpedoes are pumped 50 pounds of air, until the enormous pressure of 1350 pounds to the square inch is reached; which, when the weapon is released, drives it at a speed of thirty knots an hour. The war-heads of the torpedoes, charged with 94 pounds of gun-cotton, are brought on wheeled trucks from the magazine, and, when fitted, the torpedo is ready to be placed in its tube.

Far aft, below the water-line, is the steam-steering engine. In peace times it is controlled by a small wheel in the pilot-house, on the bridge, or on the upper deck, and in time of action by a similar one in the conning-tower. But all these may be shot away and the engine disabled, and the ship still be guided by the wheel in the steam-steering room, the orders directing the course being sent from deck.

Deep down in the ship, inside the citadel, is a little box scarcely four feet square, which a casual observer would probably pass by unnoticed. It looks like a closet in the office of some hotel. Rows of voice tubes, electric push-buttons, annunciators, and two telephones are all that one sees. In this little room all the news of the battle centres. To it come the stories of success, of telling hits, of disaster, of death, ringing through the tubes or over the wires to the listening officer who is stationed there during action, to be by him sent to the captain in the conning-tower. And there, too, are received the orders of the commander, which are in turn sent out to the distant turrets, magazines, or stations. This is the central station. The safety of the ship may depend upon the promptness with which some vital news may reach the captain, or some order from him go quickly to its destination.

Almost directly above the central station, immediately under the military mast, is a cylinder of face-hardened steel, 10 inches thick, a single forging weighing 42 tons. There the captain is stationed in action. It is the conning-tower.

The ninety years that separated Trafalgar from Yalu have revolutionized the weapons of sea fights, but Captain Mahan reminds us: "That, among all the changes, the nature of man remains much the same; the personal equation, though uncertain in quantity and quality in the particular instances, is sure always to be found." It would seem at first sight as if the tendency of modern naval construction was to eliminate as much as possible this personal equation—to substitute machinery for human character and grit. So far is this from the truth that it may be said that at no time did the man count for so much as at present. Naval warfare is rather an art than a science, many of its principles being tentative rather than determined; but so long as success depends upon intelligence, skill, and practice, just so long must man and not the machine be the dominant factor of naval battles.

WHAT MAKES THE RATE OF WAGES?

BY EDWARD ATKINSON.

IN all the discussions which have arisen, or which are about to ensue upon the problem of good money and bad money, the attention of speakers and writers has been or may be almost wholly given to prices, very little to wages. The low prices of recent years have been the main cause of complaint. Yet low prices and high wages are the proper and beneficial result of the application of science and invention. Neither modern progress nor the work of the capitalist could be justified, but would of necessity be condemned, if through these applications of new inventions prices were not reduced and wages were not augmented.

This rule would have been more plain in its progressive force had not prices been subjected to great variations by the depreciation of our paper money from 1861 to 1879. Attention should be called to the steady and progressive increase in the purchasing power of labor after the resumption of specie payments on a gold basis on the 1st of January, 1879. That increase continued down to and including 1892. Then came the evil influences, long previously foreseen, of the Bland and Sherman acts, bringing about the depression and the paralysis of industry which occurred as soon as a general fear of the free coinage of depreciated silver dollars of full legal tender had spread throughout the community; this malignant influence, affecting both prices and wages, reducing the former to unprofitable terms in many ways, and not only reducing wages but throwing hundreds of thousands of working-people into compulsory idleness.

The exact effect of the legislation of 1890 was to diminish the revenue from sugar 75 cents per head from 1891 to 1895, in all $247,500,000; to increase expenditures 66 cents per head, in all $217,800,000. Total, $465,300,000. Deficiency in five years a little over $60,000,000. Loss, 1891 to 1895 inclusive, in debt-paying power, $400,000,000. The Sherman act increased the demand debt $155,000,000.

Bearing in mind the adverse influence of these acts, it becomes a manifest necessity to deal with their effect upon wages, the ostensible motive of these acts having been to protect or benefit working-people.

In the ordinary discussions of this question the word "cheap" is commonly used as a synonym for low-priced labor; or, in other words, the low-priced labor of other countries is customarily dealt with as if the low rate of foreign wages gave positive evidence that foreign, sometimes called "pauper labor," is cheap labor. There could be no greater fallacy. In all the arts to which modern invention and mechanism have been applied high wages and a low cost of labor, measured by the unit of product, are of necessity correlative terms. In order to prove this axiom and to expose the common fallacy regarding cheap labor, it becomes necessary to consider the source of labor. The whole confusion arises from not distinguishing the *cost of labor* in any given unit of product—the yard, the pound, the bushel, or the like—from the *price of the labor* or rates of wages which enter into the product. Until consideration is given to the source and nature of wages, this specious fallacy will mislead the unthinking.

Before dealing with particular arts it would be well to review the general condition of the country, and to deal with what may be called our potential as a nation in supplying the wants of the world. The best way to reach sure conclusions upon a problem of this kind is first to lay down such fundamental propositions as all will agree upon.

In dealing with this problem of what makes the rate of wages in any country at any time, there are certain main factors about which there can be no dispute. These are:

1st.—Wages depend upon the possession of or ready access to an abundant supply of the materials of existence, namely, food, fuel, fibres, timber, ores, and other supplies of the necessaries of life and work.

2d.—Wages depend upon just laws assuring protection to life, liberty, and property.

3d.—Wages depend upon well-developed mental, manual, and mechanical ability, skill, and aptitude.

4th.—Wages and profits alike depend upon the stability of the standard or unit of value.

The first three factors may be designated the material, political, and mental elements governing the relations of the employer and the employed.

No reasonable person with whom it would be worth while to discuss any question of detail can take any exception to these three propositions.

In dealing with wages the first regard must be given to our principal competitors, who are also our largest customers.

The machine-using or manufacturing nations, whose products enter into all the general markets of the world, are those which possess within themselves or in close proximity to their borders nearly the whole supply of coal now applied to manufacturing or metallurgy, together with the chief supplies of iron ore. They number six. Their exports and imports are given in the following table:

	Exports in year of latest statement.	Imports.
United States	$892,140,572	$654,994,622
United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland	1,332,241,153	1,987,005,845
France	835,095,700	953,639,500
Germany	781,462,528	995,792,238
Netherlands	454,166,736	509,288,172
Belgium	499,927,900	542,469,100
	$4,795,034,589	$5,643,189,477
All other countries	3,050,394,472	3,017,679,056
World's commerce	$7,845,429,061	$8,660,868,533

(See Report on the World's Commerce, State Department.)

An approximate estimate of international commerce per capita in round figures will indicate that, great as it is, it must yet be considered relatively very small compared to the domestic commerce of each group.

The combined population of these nations in 1894 was about 210,000,000; on this basis their imports per capita came to $41 24; exports, $37 36.

The population of all other countries or nations is about 1,240,000,000. Imports per capita, $4 55; exports, $3 87.

In the State Department's "Review of the World's Commerce" the imports and exports of the United States are listed under the following titles:

EXPORTS FISCAL YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1894.

Natural products	$566,481,023
Articles partly manufactured	197,035,556
Manufactures	105,688,358
Total domestic exports	$869,204,937
Foreign goods re-exported	22,935,635
Grand total	$892,140,572

IMPORTS.

Raw products (such as are commonly called crude)	$334,630,456
Articles necessary to industries (that is to say, articles in the secondary form which enter into the processes of domestic industry)	167,023,402
Manufactures (that is, articles complete and ready for use, including textile fabrics, glass, pottery, paper, silks, tobacco, and other articles of like kind)	153,340,764
Total	$654,994,622

It now becomes important to give the proportion of our exports and imports to different countries.

For the last ten years, in round figures, Great Britain has taken a fraction over fifty per cent., the British colonies a fraction under ten per cent., France, Germany, Belgium, and the Netherlands twenty-three per cent. All other countries seventeen per cent.

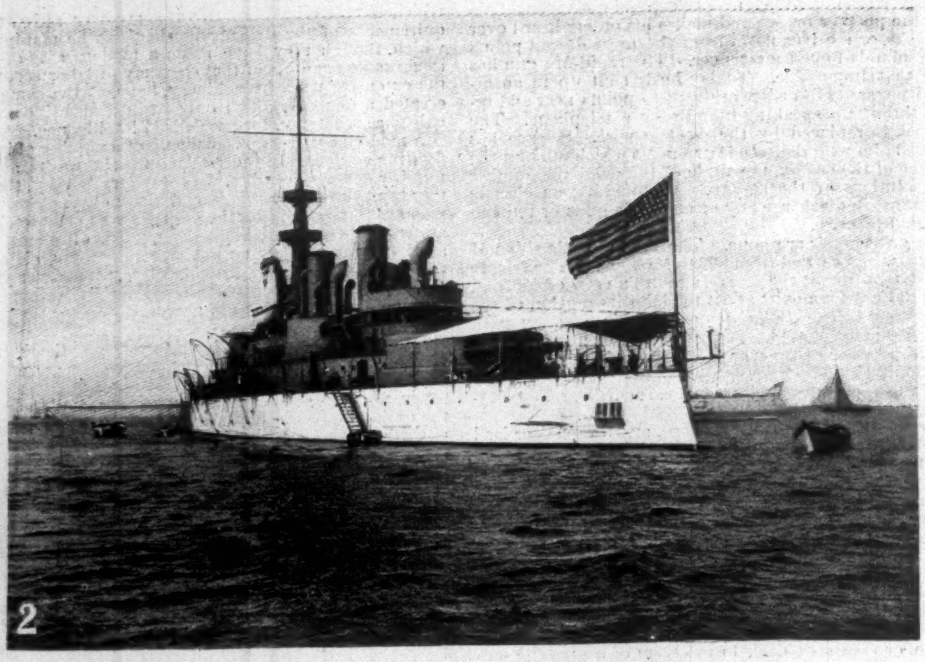
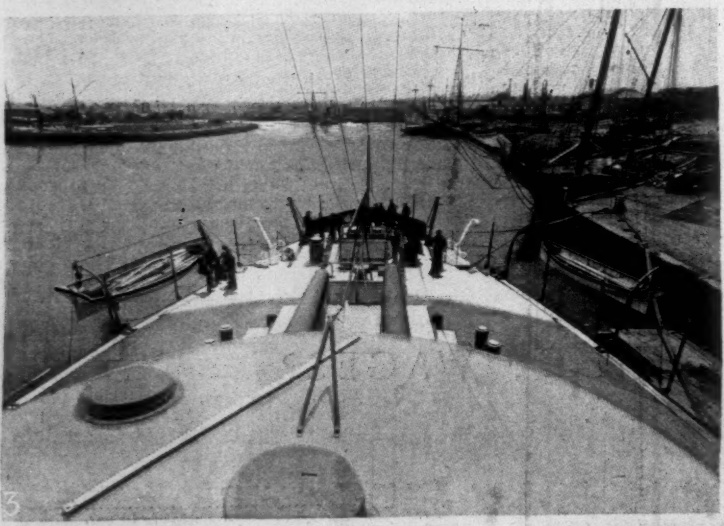
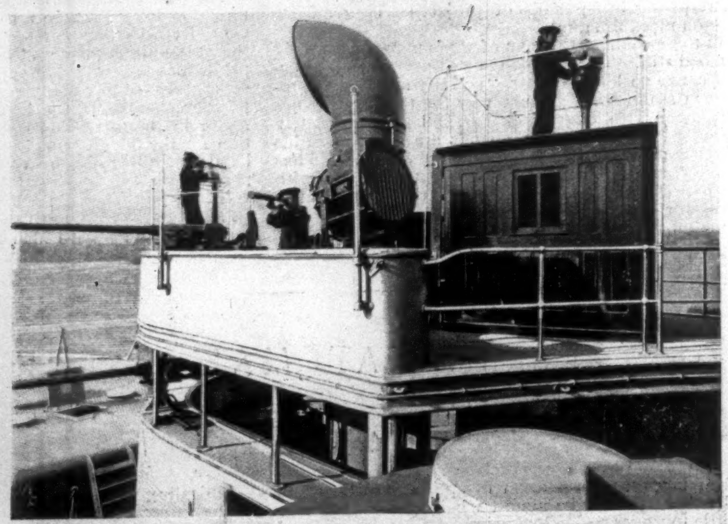
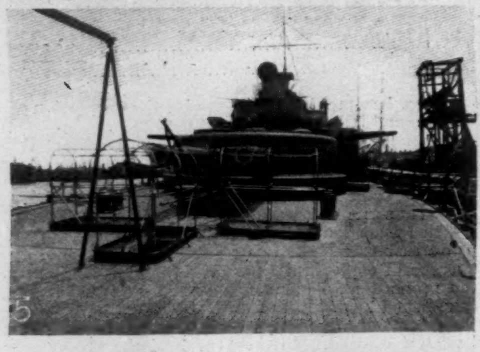
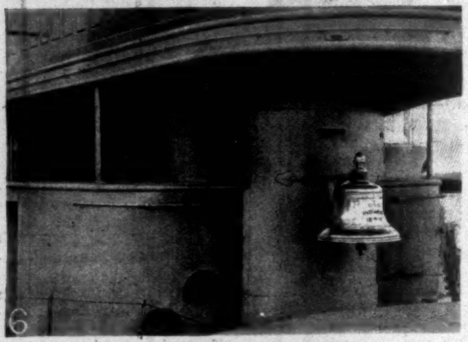
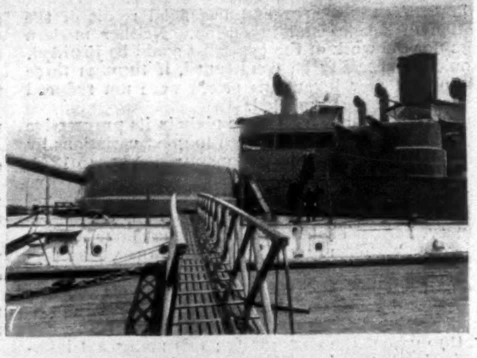
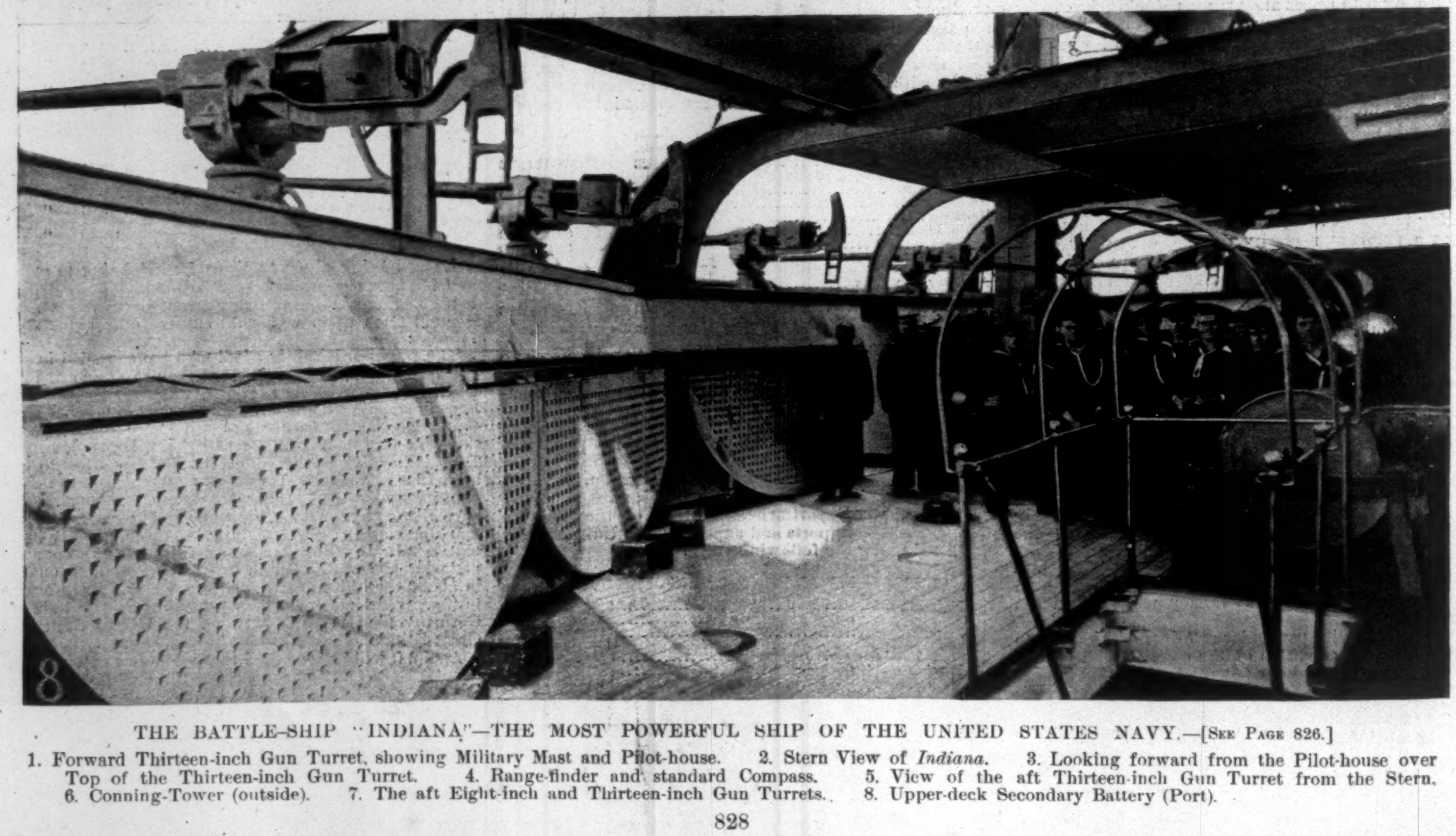
The proportion of exports taken by the six machine-using nations in 1894 was substantially the same as the average of eighty-three per cent. for ten years, although the proportion of our crude products exported greatly diminished in that year as compared to the decade, while the export of our partly or fully manufactured products largely increased. In the year 1894 the proportions of export were as follows:

To United Kingdom	48.30 per cent.
To British Colonies and dependencies	10.33 "
To Germany, France, Netherlands, and Belgium	24.60 "
To all other states on the continent of Europe	5.53 "
	88.76 "
The exports to South and Central America, Mexico, Cuba, and all other Spanish and French West Indies amounted to only	9.21 "
The exports to China, Japan, and the Dutch East Indies and all other islands and countries of the world amounted to only	2.03 "
	100.00 "

Regard being given to these facts relating to exports and imports, the problem of wages is now presented. It is not necessary to go into any minute comparisons. The general facts upon which all substantially agree are as follows:

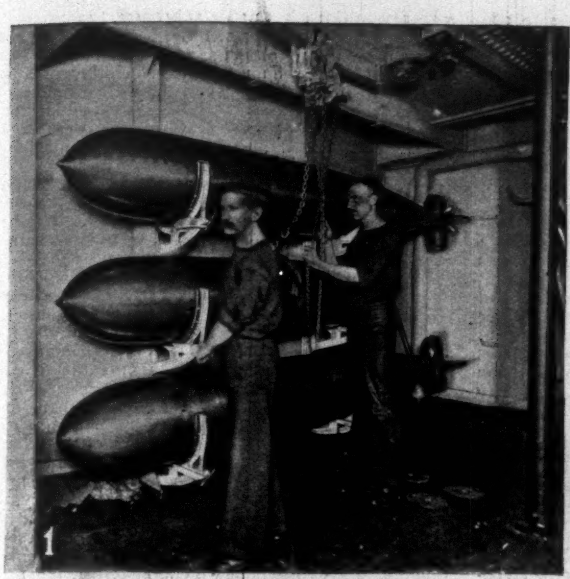
The wages or earnings of all who are occupied in agriculture, mining, manufactures, or the mechanic arts in the United States are from twenty-five to fifty per cent., perhaps in some cases one hundred per cent., higher as a rule than the wages or earnings of those who are engaged in the same occupations in Great Britain, Holland, France, Belgium, and Germany. This is the rule subject to variation in a few special arts which may be centred in either country under conditions which are exceptional. Such special arts are, however, apt to be hand-work rather than machine-work, or else excelling in design, notably in the textile fabrics. The wages or earnings in the countries named above are higher in one as compared to another in about the order named. There is a greater difference in the general rate of wages between Great Britain and Germany than there is between the United States and Great Britain.

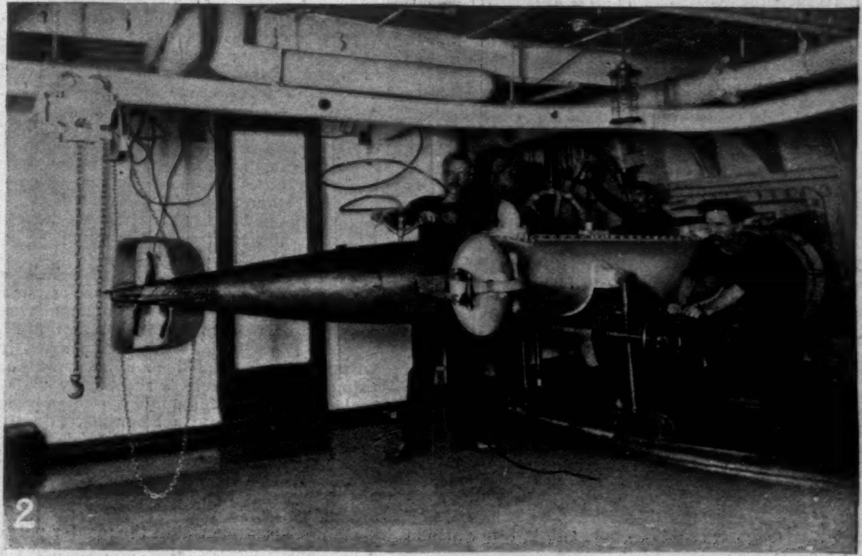
Again, it will be remarked that while our exports to all countries are rapidly approaching those of Great Britain in value, yet Great Britain and her colonies have taken a

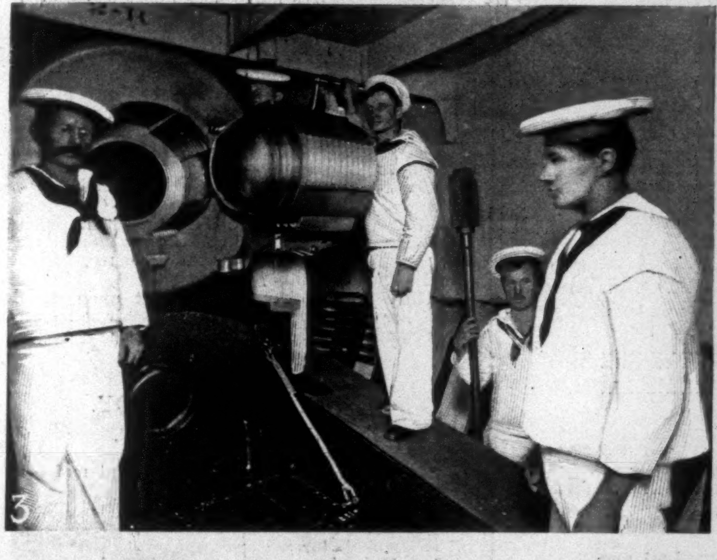








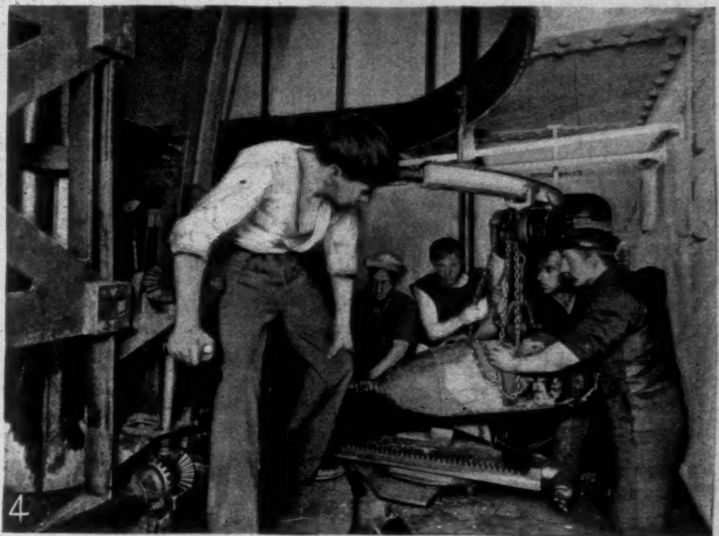
THE BATTLE-SHIP "INDIANA"—THE MOST POWERFUL SHIP OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.—[See Page 826.]

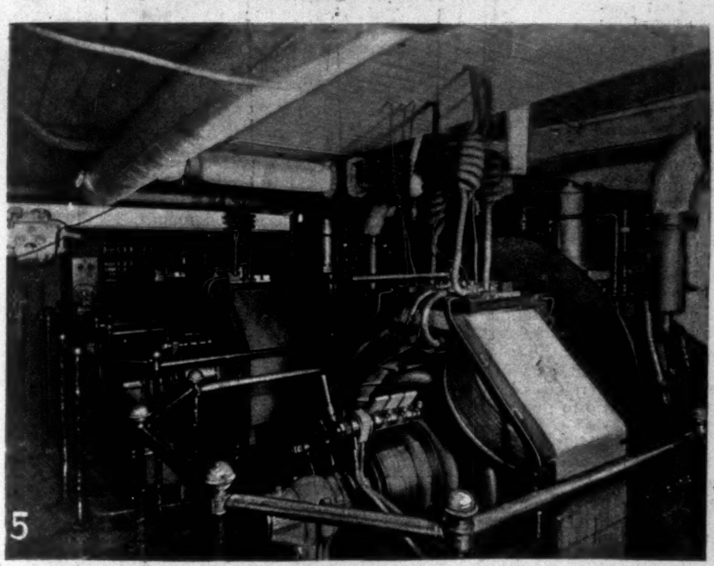
1. Forward Thirteen-inch Gun Turret, showing Military Mast and Pilot-house. 2. Stern View of *Indiana*. 3. Looking forward from the Pilot-house over Top of the Thirteen-inch Gun Turret. 4. Range-finder and standard Compass. 5. View of the aft Thirteen-inch Gun Turret from the Stern. 6. Conning-Tower (outside). 7. The aft Eight-inch and Thirteen-inch Gun Turrets. 8. Upper-deck Secondary Battery (Port).

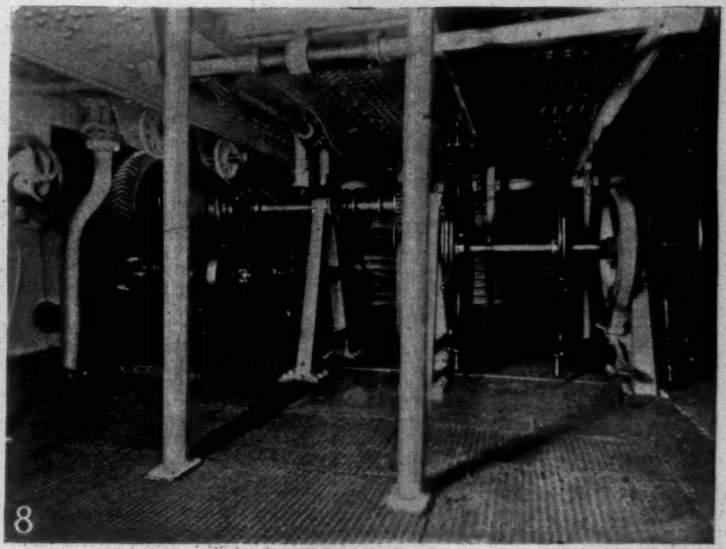












THE BATTLE-SHIP "INDIANA"—THE MOST POWERFUL SHIP OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.—[SEE PAGE 826.]

1. Torpedo-Rack. 2. Torpedo in its Tube. 3. Interior of Turret, showing Breech of aft Port Thirteen-inch Gun. 4. Ammunition Hoist for Thirteen-inch Gun. 5. Dynamo-Room. 6. Central Station. 7. Engine-Room (Port Side). 8. Steam-steering Room.

steadily increasing proportion of these exports for a long term of years.

If we put aside these general considerations in order to deal with each special class of goods exported, we then find yet more startling conditions.

In 1894 our exports of cotton amounted in value to $210,000,000. If we compare rates of wages or earnings in the production of the cotton fibre, which are the lowest in any branch of agriculture in this country, we yet find them so much higher than those of India and Egypt as to make the comparison somewhat ludicrous: our rate may be higher by three hundred to five hundred per cent.

In 1894 our exports of breadstuffs were valued at about $170,000,000, in the crude form of grain or the manufactured form of flour. The rates of wages in our grain-fields are higher than those of agricultural labor in any of the countries to which this produce is sent—the earnings of our millers are among the highest of our own artisans; while our competitors in the production of wheat are the poor ryots of India, the fellahs of Egypt, so long despoiled, the ignorant peasants of Russia, and the misgoverned immigrants of the Argentine.

The same general rule applies to the exports of animals and animal products, amounting in 1894 to about $190,000,000.

Yet more in the export of the highest types of manufactures of iron and steel, now exceeding $35,000,000, almost surely $40,000,000 in the present year, we find examples of the work of the highest paid mechanics and artisans of the world, relatively to those in other arts in this country or in any and every other country.

If the weekly manifests of exports from the city of New York be searched, it will appear that some examples of nearly every product of domestic industry are sent every week to every part of the known world. If the rate of wages governed the cost of labor per unit of product in these goods, not one dollar's worth could be exported to any port that is open on even terms to the similar products of other countries.

HOW MANY WORK FOR WAGES?

More than nine-tenths of all who are occupied for gain in all occupations are either in the position of small farmers, who work as hard or harder than their hired men—often for remuneration in money less than the wages which they pay out in the conduct of the work—or else they are in the position of the employed, earning a living which is either measured under the name of salaries, piece-work, or at fixed rates of wages by the day, month, or year.

For present purposes the earnings of this whole class, constituting over ninety per cent. of all who are occupied for gain, will be dealt with under the single term of wages. These classes are not fixed, but very variable, members of each passing from one to the other under changing conditions.

Neither is the class of capitalists or of employers any more fixed. It is recruited from the wage-earners, and its members or their descendants are constantly falling back into the mass of the employed.

What then makes the rate of wages or earnings of this great body, by the measure of money, at any given time or in any given series of four seasons making one productive year? Without entering into any abstract or academic discussion of this problem, may it not be affirmed that the prospective price of any product is the source from which present money wages must be recovered? The present rate of wages, therefore, depends upon the capacity of the managers of capital, whether owners or acting as agents of others, to forecast the demand for such product, and to make use either of capital or credit in such a way as not to expend the capital while at the same time paying the highest rate of wages in each specific art in order to secure the most efficient workmen at the least cost of labor per unit of product. *The prospective price of all products therefore governs the present rate of wages.*

So long and only so far as the unit of value of this country is kept at the standard of the world's commerce, which is a given weight of gold, the tendency of the great social forces by which the distribution of products is worked can be determined and the results can be measured, even in terms of money, so as to prove the rule of progress in material welfare, which has been developed in this country since the end of the civil war more rapidly and effectively than in any other period or place since modern history has registered the condition of nations.

It is difficult to measure this progress with exactness in monetary terms during the period of depreciated or bad money from 1862-3 until the resumption of specie payment, January 1, 1879; yet for purposes of comparison even these statistics may be used.

1. This comparison proves a relative diminution of the burden of national taxation from its maximum of over fifteen dollars per head to the average of the last sixteen years of a fraction under five dollars per head.

2. It proves the tendency of profits to a minimum in every conspicuous art, witnessed mainly by a reduction in the normal rate of interest on capital safely invested in the great commercial centres. This reduction of interest in the great monetary centres has been from an average of six to eight per cent., or even ten, from 1855 to 1860, to an average of three per cent. or even less, up to four per cent., from 1890 to 1892 inclusive, when the discredit due to the effort to degrade the unit of value—a dollar made of gold—made a temporary depression in the course of wages and an advance in the rate of interest, from which we are now emerging.

3. It proves that there has been an increase in the relative share of the product falling to the workmen, witnessed by an advance either in the rate or purchasing power of wages between 1860 and 1892, when the danger of free coinage begun to exert its evil influence, of from sixty to over one hundred per cent., according to the respective skill and aptitude of the laborer, artisan, or operative in the factory.

This increase in the share of the product falling to the employed classes in the form of wages has been accompanied by a steady reduction in the prices of all the necessaries of life. With this reduction in the cost and price of all our products, coupled with increasing wages, has been developed the increasing power of this nation to supply the wants of foreign countries. Hence it is proved that under the law of increasing efficiency in labor, due to the application of science and invention, wages have been augmented, the cost and price of each unit of product has been diminished, the nation has become more and more self-sustaining. In the same period the export of our excess has placed our exports second only to those of Great Britain; soon to be greater, when the portentous influence of the passing of the control of the imperial deposits of iron ore and coal shows its full result in our relative conditions.

Such being the general conditions under which the law of higher and increasing wages accompanying a lessening cost of production has been developed, it now becomes fit to make a more definite comparison between the industrial power of this nation and that of the five machine-using or manufacturing nations or states of Europe with which we now compete in supplying the increasing wants of all other parts of the world.

In the subsequent review of the relative advantage and disadvantage of the six machine-using or manufacturing states of the world only approximate results are given, fractions being disregarded. This table varies in slight measure from similar statements previously given by the writer, being corrected on more recent data. The two prime factors on which supremacy rests are food and fuel. The more this subject is explored the more the effectiveness of human labor is found to rest upon an abundant and varied supply of food.

The second factor in importance is the full supply of fuel, both in its application to the generation of power in metallurgy and to the conversion of food material into nutritious food.

It may be assumed that the greater part of the imports into Great Britain, France, and Germany are either consumed by their own inhabitants or are converted into higher forms in their factories and workshops before being exported. Therefore Belgium and Holland are mainly in transit.

The following statements must therefore be considered subject to these qualifications:

I. The United States.

Population in 1894, about 68,000,000 (now exceeding 72,000,000.)

Imports per capita, approximately	$8 to $9
Exports " "	9 to 10
Imports and exports, about	$17 to $19

II. The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

Population, about 40,000,000

Imports per capita, approximately	$32 to $34
Exports " "	48 to 50
Imports and exports	$80 to $84

III. France.

Population, about 40,000,000

Imports per capita	$20 to $22
Exports "	23 to 25
Imports and exports	$43 to $47

IV. Germany.

Population, about 50,000,000

Imports per capita, about	$15 to $17
Exports " "	20 to 22
Imports and exports	$35 to $39

V. and VI. Holland and Belgium combined.

Population, about 12,000,000
Largely dependent upon international commerce of goods in transit for many of the necessary elements of life.
Dependent for their separate existence upon the jealousy and animosity of their neighboring states.

It will be observed that the five European countries with which we compete in manufacturing are all very deficient either in food, fuel, ores, or fibres, some having an excess of one element, but a very great deficiency in another. The United States is the only nation which produces an excess of all the main elements from the conversion of which into finished products wages are derived.

It will also be observed that the products and industries of the United States and the United Kingdom are the complement of each other—the two domains united producing an excess of all materials necessary to manufactures and commerce. If to their resources were added the products of the colonies and dependencies of Great Britain, no other nation could approach them in the magnitude of their resources, while all other nations and states would be under an immensely greater relative burden of debts, taxes, and armed forces in ratio to numbers or products.

It is now necessary to the existence of the United Kingdom and to the maintenance of her sea power that her naval force should be maintained in its highest efficiency, at heavy cost, but if the English-speaking people were reunited under commercial treaties, agreements for arbitration, and for the abolition of privateering, the competition of all other nations in the supply of the world's wants would become of little moment, until they are relieved from the destructive burden of militarism and of dynastic or centralized rule.

In addition to the advantage in natural resources of the United States, we are free from the burden of militarism. If our present armed forces on land and sea, which must be wholly withdrawn from productive pursuits, were now equal in ratio to population to those of the United Kingdom, France, and Germany, their number would be over 900,000 in place of a little over 30,000. Jingoism would sacrifice this huge advantage.

The English-speaking people of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, with the people of British or Irish birth in the colonies and dependencies of the British Empire, now outnumber the population of France, Germany, Holland, and Belgium.

All these facts need to be carefully considered in determining the future monetary and revenue policy of this country.

Whatever the revenue policy may be, one thing is certain: the commerce and trade of this country, international and domestic, must be conducted on the foundation of the world's standard or unit of value, a coin made of gold, or else the masses will suffer wrong, although silver-miners and foreign bankers would gain.

At one stage in the debates in England between 1842 and 1846, when the great decision or the reform of the monetary system and the revenue measures were pending, and when there was a sign of hesitation in the ranks, Sir Robert Peel brought all the forces of right government again into line, and carried his great measures for banking and revenue reform by this appeal. His words need but a change in form, but not in substance, to fit them to our own conditions at the present time. These slight changes I have made in the following paraphrase.

In this election we must select the motto which is to indicate the commercial policy of the United States. Shall it be Advance or Recede? Which is the fitter motto for this great nation? Survey our position; consider the advantage which God and Nature have given us and the destiny for which we are intended. We stand midway between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans in the temperate zone, holding an imperial domain exceeding three million square miles, an area under one dominion equal to the whole habitable part of Europe. In this domain is the chief source of the food, the fuel, the fibres, the metals, and the timber which the world must have and which we produce in excess of our own wants. The discoveries of science, the improvement in navigation, have brought us within five to seven days of the principal European ports, and closer to the great continents of Asia and Australia and to Japan than any other manufacturing country. We possess an extent of coast greater in proportion to our population and to the area of our land than any other great nation, securing to us maritime strength and supremacy. Iron and coal, the elements of manufacturing power, are possessed by us in such huge abundance that while our rivals are seeking new sources of supply in order to maintain their competition in industry, we are but beginning to develop our deposits, and have already assumed the dominant position and control of these sinews of manufacture. Our capital already exceeds that of any other nation with whom we compete. In ingenuity, in skill, in energy, we may surpass them all. Our national character, the free institutions under which we live, the liberty of thought and action, an unshackled press spreading the knowledge of every discovery and of every advance in science, combine with our national and physical advantages to place us at the head of those nations which may profit by the free interchange of their products with us. Is this the country to shrink from competition? Is this the country to adopt a retrograde policy? Is this the country to debase its unit of value, to dishonor its own credit, and to place itself outside the pale of progressive nations? That is the pending question in the ensuing election. Which is to be the verdict?

Shall it be Supremacy or Inferiority in National Credit, in the control of Capital, and in our Monetary System? Shall we lead or fall behind in Commerce, Manufactures, and Agriculture alike?

These are the issues which rest upon the decision whether or not our unit of value shall be maintained at the standard of the world's commerce.

THE BELL-BUOY.

The wind is driving landward,
 And on each fitful swell
Comes shrill from off the distant reef
 The clamor of the bell.

But seaward there is silence,
 Save for the wind and mist
That sigh, and the snarl of the breakers,
 Where the treacherous waves have kissed.

Oh, cruel wind! to carry
 To the gray wrecks ashore
Fierce warning of a danger
 That they shall tempt no more.

And leave the white-winged vessels,
 With sails full set for home,
To drive unwitting on the rocks
 Beneath the drifted foam.

Z. D. UNDERHILL.

THE LANDLORD AT LION'S HEAD.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

AUTHOR OF "A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES," "THE QUALITY OF MERCY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

XXI.

THAT afternoon Westover saw Jeff helping Cynthia Whitwell into his buckboard, and then, after his lively horse had made some paces of a start, spring to the seat beside her and bring it to a stand. "Can I do anything for you over at Lovewell, Mr. Westover?" he called, and he smiled toward the painter. Then he lightened the reins on the mare's back; she squared herself for a start in earnest, and flashed down the sloping hotel road to the highway below, and was lost to sight in the clump of woods to the southward.

"That's a good friend of yours, Cynthy," he said, leaning toward the girl with a simple comfort in her proximity. She was dressed in a pale pink color, with a hat of yet paler pink; without having a great deal of fashion, she had a good deal of style. She looked bright and fresh; there was a dash of pink in her cheeks, which suggested the color of the sweetbrier, its purity and sweetness, and if there was something in Cynthia's character and temperament that suggested its thorns too, one still could not deny that she was like that flower. She liked to shop, and she liked to ride after a good horse, as the neighbors would have said; she was going over to Lovewell to buy a number of things, and Jeff Durgin was driving her there with the swift mare that was his peculiar property. She smiled upon him without the usual reservations she contrived to express in her smiles.

"Well, I don't know anybody I'd rather have for my friend than Mr. Westover." She added, "He acted like a friend the very first time I ever saw him."

Jeff laughed with shameless pleasure in the reminiscence her words suggested. "Well, I did get my come-uppings that time. And I don't know but he's been a pretty good friend to me, too. I'm not sure he likes me; but Mr. Westover is a man that could be your friend if he didn't like you."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2063.

"What have you done to make him like you?" asked the girl.

"Nothing!" said Jeff, with a shout of laughter in his conviction. "I've done a lot of things to make him despise me from the start. But if you like a person yourself, you want him to like you whether you deserve it or not."

"I don't know as I do."

"You say that because you always deserve it. You can't tell how it is with a fellow like me. I should want you to like me, Cynthy, whatever you thought of me." He looked round into her face, but she turned it away.

They had struck the level, long for the hill country, at the foot of the hotel road, and the mare, that found herself neither mounting nor descending a steep, dropped from the trot proper for an acclivity into a rapid walk.

"This mare can walk like a Kentucky horse," said Jeff. "I believe I could teach her single-foot." He added, with a laugh, "If I knew how," and now Cynthia laughed with him.

"I was just going to say that."

"Yes, you don't lose many chances to give me a dig, do you?"

"Oh, I don't know as I look for them. Perhaps I don't need to." The pine woods were deep on either side. They whispered in the thin, sweet wind, and gave out their odor in the high, westering sun. They covered with their shadows the road that ran velvety between them.

"This is nice," said Jeff, letting himself rest against the back of the seat. He stretched his left arm along the top, and presently it dropped and folded itself about the waist of the girl.

"You may take your arm away, Jeff," she said, quietly.

"Why?"

"Because it has no right there, for one thing!" She drew herself a little aside, and looked round at him. "You wouldn't put it round a town girl if you were riding with her."

"I shouldn't be riding with her. Girls don't go buggy-riding in town any more," said Jeff, brutally.

"Then I shall know what to do the next time you ask me."

"Oh, they'd go quick enough if I asked them up here in the country. Etiquette don't count with them when they're on a vacation."

"I'm not on a vacation; so it counts with me. Please take your arm away," said Cynthia.

"Oh, all right. But I shouldn't object to your putting your arm around me."

"You will never have the chance."

"Why are you so hard on me, Cynthy?" asked Jeff. "You didn't used to be so."

"People change."

"Do I?"

"Not for the better."

Jeff was dumb. She was pleased with her hit, and laughed. But her laugh did not encourage him to put his arm round her again. He let the mare walk on, and left her to resume the conversation at whatever point she would.

She made no haste to resume it. At last she said, with sufficient apparent remoteness from the subject they had dropped, "Jeff, I don't know whether you want me to talk about it. But I guess I ought to, even if it isn't my place exactly. I don't think Jackson's very well, this summer."

Jeff faced round towards her. "What makes you think he isn't well?"

"He's weaker. Haven't you noticed it?"

"Yes, I have noticed that. He's worked down; that's all."

"No, that isn't all. But if you don't think so—"

"I want to know what *you* think, Cynthy," said Jeff, with the amorous resentment all gone from his voice. "Sometimes folks outside notice the signs more—. I don't mean that you're an outsider, as far as we're concerned—"

She put by that point. "Father's noticed it, too; and he's with Jackson a good deal."

"I'll look after it. If he isn't so well, he's got to have a doctor. That medium's stuff can't do him any good. Don't you think he ought to have a doctor?"

"Oh, yes."

"You don't think a doctor can do him much good?"

"He ought to have one," said the girl non-committally.

"Cynthia, I've noticed that Jackson was weak, too; and it's no use pretending that he's simply worked down. I believe he's worn out. Do you think mother's ever noticed it?"

"I don't believe she has."

"It's the one thing I can't very well make up my mind to speak to her about. I don't know what she would do." He did not say "If she lost Jackson," but Cynthia knew he meant that, and they were both silent. "Of course," he went on, "I know that she places a great deal of dependence upon you, but Jackson's her main stay. He's a good man, and he's a good son. I wish I'd always been half as good."

Cynthia did not protest against his self-reproach as he possibly hoped she would. She said, "I think Jackson's got a very good mind. He reads a great deal, and he's thought a great deal, and when it comes to talking, I never heard any one express themselves better. The other night, we were out looking at the stars—I came part the way home with him; I didn't like to let him go alone, he seemed so feeble—and he got to showing me Mars. He thinks it's inhabited, and he's read all that the astronomers say about it, and the seas and canals that they've found on it. He spoke very beautifully about the other life, and then he spoke about death." Cynthia's voice broke, and she pulled her handkerchief out of her belt, and put it to her eyes. Jeff's heart melted in him at the sight; he felt a tender affection for her, very unlike the gross content he had enjoyed in her presence before, and he put his arm round her again, but this time almost unconsciously, and drew her towards him. She did not repel him; she even allowed her head to rest a moment on his shoulder; though she quickly lifted it, and drew herself away, not resentfully, it seemed, but for her greater freedom in talking.

"I don't believe he's going to die," Jeff said, consolingly, more as if it were her brother than his that he meant. "But he's a very sick man, and he's got to knock off, and go somewhere. It won't do for him to pass another winter here. He must go to California, or Colorado; they'd be glad to have him there, either of them; or he can go to Florida, or over to Italy. It won't matter how long he stays—"

"What are you talking about, Jeff Durgin?" Cynthia demanded, severely. "What would your mother do? What would she do this winter?"

"That brings me to something, Cynthia," said Jeff, "and I don't want you to say anything till I've got through. I guess I could help mother run the place as well as Jackson, and I could stay here next winter."

"You!"

"Now, you let me talk! My mind's made up about one thing: I'm not going to study law; I'm not going to be a lawyer. I'm going to keep a hotel, and if I don't keep it here at Lion's Head, I'm going to keep it somewhere else."

"Have you told your mother?"

"Not yet. I wanted to hear what you would say first."

"I? Oh, I haven't got anything to do with it," said Cynthia.

"Yes, you have! You've got everything to do with it, if you'll say one thing first. Cynthia, you know how I feel about you. It's been so ever since we were boy and girl here. I want you to promise to marry me. Will you?"

The girl seemed neither surprised nor very greatly pleased; perhaps her pleasure had spent itself in that moment of triumphant expectation when she foresaw what was coming, or perhaps she was preoccupied in clearing the way in her own mind to a definite result.

"What do you say, Cynthia?" Jeff pursued, with more injury than misgiving in his voice at her delay in answering. "Don't you—care for me?"

"Oh, yes, I presume I've always done that—ever since we were boy and girl, as you say. But—"

"Well?" said Jeff, patiently, but not insecurely.

"Have *you?*"

"Have I what?"

"Always cared for *me*."

He could not find his voice quite as promptly as before. He cleared his throat before he asked, "Has Mr. Westover been saying anything about me?"

"I don't know what you mean, exactly; but I presume *you* do."

"Well, then—I always expected to tell you—I did have a fancy for that girl, for Miss Vostrand, and I—told her so. It's like something that never happened. She wouldn't have me. That's all."

"And you expect me to take what she wouldn't have?"

"If you like to call it that. But I should call it taking a man that had been out of his head for a while, and had come to his senses again."

"I don't know as I should ever feel safe with a man that had been out of his head once."

"You wouldn't find many men that hadn't," said Jeff, with a laugh that was rather scornful of her ignorance.

"No, I presume not," she sighed. "She was beautiful, and I believe she was good, too. She was very nice. Perhaps I feel strangely about it. But if she hadn't been so nice, I shouldn't have been so willing that you should have cared for her."

"I suppose I don't understand," said Jeff, "but I know I was hard hit. What's the use? It's over. She's married. I can't go back and unlive it all. But if you want time to think—of course you do—*I've* taken time enough—"

He was about to lift the reins on the mare's back as a sign to her that the talk was over for the present, and to quicken her pace, when Cynthia put out her hand and laid it on his, and said with a certain effect of authority: "I shouldn't want you should give up your last year in Harvard."

"Just as you say, Cynthy;" and in token of intelligence he wound his arm round her neck and kissed her. It was not the first kiss by any means; in the country kisses are not counted very serious, or at all binding, and Cynthia was a country girl; but they both felt that this kiss sealed a solemn troth between them, and that a common life began for them with it.

XXII.

Cynthia came back in time to go into the dining-room and see that all was in order there for supper before the door opened. The waitresses knew that she had been out riding, as they called it, with Jeff Durgin; the fact had spread electrically to them where they sat in a shady angle of the hotel listening to one who read a novel aloud, and skipped all but the most exciting love parts. They conjectured that the pair had gone to Lovewell, but they knew nothing more, and the subtlest of them would not have found reason for further conjecture in Cynthia's behavior, when she came in and scanned the tables and the girls' dresses and hair, where they stood ranged against the wall. She was neither whiter nor redder than usual, and her nerves and her tones were under as good control as a girl's ever are after she has been out riding with a fellow. It was not such a great thing, anyway, to ride with Jeff Durgin. First and last, nearly all the young lady boarders had been out with him, upon one errand or another to Lovewell.

After supper, when the girls had gone over to their rooms in the helps' quarters, and the guests had gathered in the wide low office, in the light of the fire kindled on the hearth to break the evening chill, Jeff joined Cynthia in her inspection of the dining-room. She always gave it a last look, to see that it was in perfect order for breakfast, before she went home for the night. Jeff went home with her; he was impatient of her duties, but he was in no hurry when they stole out of the side door together under the stars, and began to stray sidelong down the hill over the dewless grass.

He lingered more and more as they drew near her father's house, in the abandon of a man's love. He wished to give himself solely up to it, to think and to talk of nothing else, after a man's fashion. But a woman's love is no such mere delight. It is serious, practical. For her it is all future, and she cannot give herself wholly up to any present moment of it, as a man does.

"Now, Jeff," she said, after a certain number of partings, in which she had apparently kept his duty clearly in mind, "you had better go home and tell your mother."

"Oh, there's time enough for that," he began.

"I want you to tell her right away, or there won't *be* anything to tell."

"Is that so?" he joked back. "Well, if I must, I must I suppose. But I didn't think you'd take the whip-hand so soon, Cynthia."

"Oh, I don't ever want to take the whip-hand with you, Jeff. Don't make me!"

"Well, I won't, then. But what are you in such a hurry to have mother know, for? She's not going to object. And if she does—"

"It isn't that," said the girl. "If I had to go round a single day, with your mother, hiding this from her, I should begin to hate you. I couldn't bear the concealment. I shall tell father as soon as I go in."

"Oh, your father 'll be all right, of course."

"Yes, he'll be all right, but if he wouldn't, and I knew it, I should have to tell him, all the same. Now, *good-night*. Well, there, then; and there! Now, *let* me go!"

She paused for a moment in her own room, to smooth her tumbled hair, and try to identify herself in her glass. Then she went into the sitting-room, where she found her father pulled up to the table, with his hat on, and poring over a sheet of hieroglyphics, which represented the usual evening with planchette.

"Have you been to help Jackson up?" she asked.

"Well, I wanted to, but he wouldn't hear of it. He's feelin' ever so much better to-night, and he wanted to go alone. I just come in."

"Yes, you've got your hat on yet."

Whitwell put his hand up and found that his daughter was right. He laughed, and said, "I guess I must 'a' forgot it. We've had the most *interestin'* season with plantchette that I guess we've about ever had. She's said something here—"

"Well, never mind; I've got something more important to say than plantchette has," said Cynthia, and she pulled the sheet away from under her father's eyes.

This made him look up at her. "Why, what's happened?"

"Nothing. Jeff Durgin has asked me to marry him."

"He *has!*" The New England training is not such as to fit people for the expression of strong emotion, and the best that Whitwell found himself able to do in view of the fact was to pucker his mouth for a whistle which did not come.

"Yes,—this afternoon," said Cynthia, lifelessly. The tension of her nerves relaxed in a languor which was evident even to her father, though his eyes still wandered to the sheet she had taken from him.

"Well, you don't seem over and above excited about it. Did—did you— What did you *say?*"

"How should I know what I said? What do you think of it, father?"

"I don't know as I ever give the subject much attention," said the philosopher. "I always meant to take it out of him, somehow, if he got to playin' the fool."

"Then you wanted I should accept him?"

"What difference 'd it make what I wanted? That what you done?"

"Yes, I've accepted him," said the girl, with a sigh. "I guess I've always expected to."

"Well, I thought likely it would come to that, myself. All I can say, Cynthy, is 't he's a lucky feller."

Whitwell leaned back, bracing his knees against the table, which was one of his philosophic poses. "I *have* sometimes believed that Jeff Durgin was goin' to turn out a blackguard. He's got it *in* him. He's as like his gran'father as two peas, and he *was* an old devil. But you got to account in all these here heredity cases for counteractin' influences. The Durgins are as good as wheat, right along, all of 'em; and I guess Mis' Durgin's mother must have been a pretty good woman too. Mis' Durgin's all right, too, if she *has* got a will of her own." Whitwell returned from his scientific inquiry to ask, "How'll she take it?"

"I don't know," said Cynthia, dreamily, but without apparent misgiving. "That's Jeff's lookout."

"So 'tis. I guess she won't make much fuss. A woman never likes to see her son get married; but you've been a kind of a daughter to her so long. Well, I guess *that* part of it 'll be all right. Jackson," said Whitwell, in a tone of relief, as if turning from an irrelevant matter to something of real importance, "was down here to-night tryin' to ring up some them spirits from the planet Mars. Martians, he calls 'em. His mind's got to runnin' a good deal on Mars lately. I guess it's this apposition that they talk about that does it. Mars comin' so much nearer the earth by a million of miles or so, it stands to reason that he should be more influenced by the minds on it. I guess it's a case o' that telepathy that Mr. Westover tells about. I judge that if he kept at it before Mars gits off too far again he might make something out of it. I couldn't seem to find much sense in what plantchette done to-night; we couldn't either of us; but she has her spells when you can't make head or tail of her. But mebbe she's just leadin' up to something, the way she did about that broken shaft when Jeff come home. We ha'n't ever made out exactly what she meant by that yet."

Whitwell paused, and Cynthia seized the advantage of his getting round to Jeff again. "He wanted to give up going to Harvard this last year, but I wouldn't let him."

"*Jeff* did?" asked her father. "Well you done a good thing that time, anyway, Cynthy. His mother 'd never get over it."

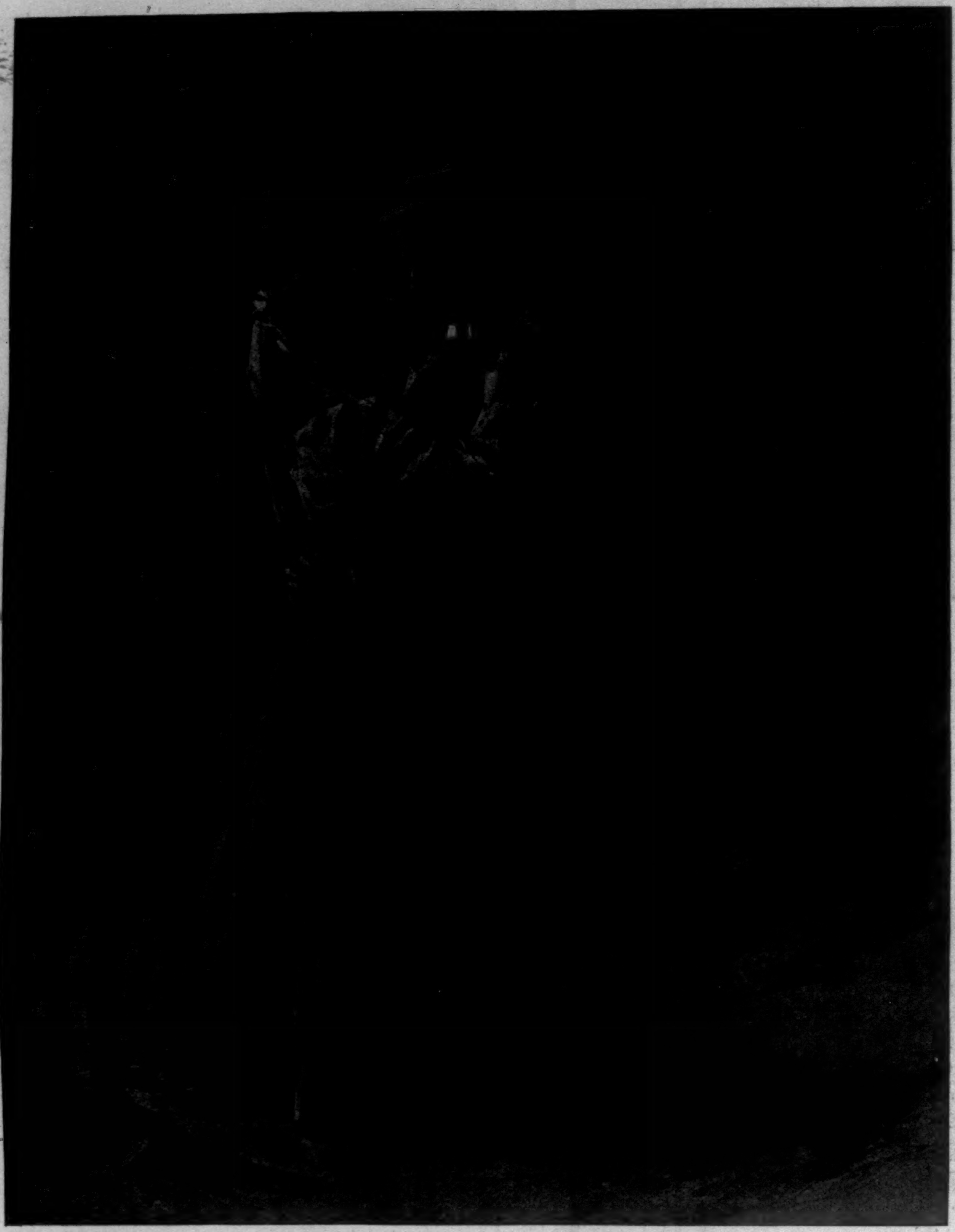
"There's something else she's got to get over, and I don't know how she ever *will*. He's going to give up the law."

"Give up the *law!*"

"Yes. Don't tease, father! He says he's never cared about it, and he wants to keep a hotel. I thought that I'd ought to tell him how we felt about Jackson's having a rest, and going off somewhere; and he wanted to begin at once. But I said if he left off the last year at Harvard, I wouldn't have anything to do with him."

Whitwell put his hand in his pocket for his knife, and mechanically looked down for a stick to whittle. In default of any, he scratched his head. "I guess she'll make it warm for him. She's had her mind set on his studyin' law so long, 't she won't give up in a hurry. She can't see that Jackson ain't fit to help her run the hotel, any more—till he's had a rest, anyway—and I believe she thinks her and Frank could run it—and you. She'll make an awful kick," said Whitwell, solemnly. "I hope you didn't encourage him, Cynthy?"

"I *should* encourage him," said the girl. "He's got the right to shape his own life, and nobody else has got the



"'NOW, JEFF, YOU HAD BETTER GO HOME AND TELL YOUR MOTHER.'"

right to do it; and I should tell his mother so, if she ever said anything to me about it."

"All right," said Whitwell. "I suppose you know what you're about."

"I do, father. Jeff would make a good landlord; he's got ideas about a hotel, and I can see that they're the right ones. He's been out in the world, and he's kept his eyes open. He will make Lion's Head the best hotel in the mountains."

"It's that already."

"He doesn't think it's half as good as he can make it."

"It wouldn't be half what it is now, if it wa'n't for you and Frank."

"I guess he understands that," said Cynthia. "Frank would be the clerk."

"Got it all mapped out!" said Whitwell proudly, in his turn. "Look out you don't slip up in your calculations. That's all."

"I guess we sha'n't slip up."

XXIII.

Jeff came into the ugly old family parlor, where his mother sat mending by the kerosene-lamp which she had kept through all the household changes, and pushed enough of her work aside from the corner of the table to rest his arm upon it.

"Mother, I want you to listen to me, and to wait till I get done. Will you?"

She looked up at him over her spectacles from the stocking she was darning; the china egg gleamed through the frayed place. "What notion have you got in your head, now?"

"It's about Jackson. He isn't well. He's got to leave off work, and go away."

The mother's hand dropped at the end of the yarn she had drawn through the stocking heel, and she stared at Jeff. Then she resumed her work with the decision expressed in her tone. "Your father lived to be sixty years old, and Jackson a'n't forty! The doctor said there wa'n't any reason why he shouldn't live as long as his father did."

"I'm not saying he won't live to a hundred. I'm saying he oughtn't to stay another winter here."

Mrs. Durgin was silent for a time, and then she said, "Jeff, is that *your* notion about Jackson, or *whose* is it?"

"It's mine, now."

Mrs. Durgin waited a moment. Then she began, with a feeling quite at variance with her words: "Well, I'll thank Cynthy Whit'ell to mind her own business! Of course," she added, and in what followed her feeling worked to the surface in her words, "I know 't she thinks the world of Jackson, and he does of her; and I presume she means well. I guess she'd be more apt to notice, if there was any change, than what I should. What did she say?"

Jeff told, as nearly as he could remember, and he told what Cynthia and he had afterwards jointly worked out as the best thing for Jackson to do. Mrs. Durgin listened frowningly, but not disapprovingly, as it seemed; though at the end she asked, "And what am I going to do, with Jackson gone?"

Jeff laughed, with his head down. "Well, I guess you and Cynthy could run it, with Frank and Mr. Whitwell."

"Mr. Whit'ell!" said Mrs. Durgin, concentrating in her accent of his name the contempt she could not justly pour out on the others.

"Or," Jeff went on, "I *did* think that *I* could take hold with you, if you could bring yourself to let me off this last year at Harvard."

"Jeff!" said his mother, reproachfully. "You know you don't mean it."

"I do mean it, but I don't expect you to do it; and I don't ask it. I suggested it to Cynthy, when we got to talking it all over, and she saw in a minute it wouldn't do."

"Well, she showed some sense *that* time," Mrs. Durgin said.

"I don't know when Cynthy hasn't shown sense, except once, and then I guess it was my fault."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, this afternoon I asked her to marry me sometime, and she said she would." He looked at his mother and laughed, and then he did not laugh. He had expected her to be pleased; he had thought to pave the way with this confession for the declaration of his intention not to study law, and to make his engagement to Cynthia serve him in reconciling his mother to the other fact. But a menacing suspense followed his words.

His mother broke out at last. "You asked Cynthia Whit'ell to marry you! And she said she would! Well, I can tell her she won't, then!"

"And I can tell you she *will!*" Jeff stormed back. He rose to his feet and stood over his mother.

She began steadily, as if he had not spoken. "If that designin'—"

"Look out, mother! Don't you say anything against Cynthia! She's been the best girl to you in the world, and you know it. She's been as true to you as Jackson has himself. She hasn't got a selfish bone in her body, and she's so honest she couldn't design anything against you or any one, unless she told you first. Now you take that back! Take it back! She's no more designing than—than *you* are!"

Mrs. Durgin was not moved by his storming, but she was inwardly convinced of error. "I do take it back. Cynthy is all right. She's all you say and more. It's *your* fault, then, and you've got yourself to thank, for whosever fault it is, she'll pack—"

"If Cynthy packs, *I* pack!" said Jeff. "Understand that. The moment she leaves this house I leave it too, and I'll marry her anyway. Frank 'd leave and —and— Pshaw! What do you care for that? But I don't know what you mean! I always thought you liked Cynthy and respected her. I didn't believe I could tell you a thing that would please you better than that she had said she would have me. But if it don't, all right."

Mrs. Durgin held her peace in bewilderment; she stared at her son with dazed eyes, under the spectacles lifted above her forehead. She felt a change of mood in his unchanged tone of defiance, and she met him half-way. "I tell you I take back what I called Cynthy, and I told you so. But—but I didn't ever expect you to marry her."

"Why didn't you? There isn't one of the summer folks to compare with her. She's got more sense than all of 'em. I've known her ever since I can remember. Why didn't you expect it?"

"I didn't expect it."

"Oh, I know! You thought I'd see somebody in Boston—some swell girl. Well, they wouldn't any of them look at me, and if they would, they wouldn't look at *you*."

"I shouldn't care whether they looked at me or not."

"I tell you they wouldn't look at *me*. You don't understand about these things, and I do. They marry their own kind, and I'm not their kind, and I shouldn't be if I was Daniel Webster himself. Daniel Webster! Who remembers him, or cares for him, or ever did? You don't believe it? You think that because I've been at Harvard— Oh, *can't* I make you see it? I'm what they call a *jay* in Harvard, and Harvard don't count if you're a jay."

His mother looked at him without speaking. She would not confess the ambition he taxed her with, and perhaps she had nothing so definite in her mind. Perhaps it was only her pride in him, and her faith in a splendid future for him, that made her averse to his marriage in the lot she had always known, and on a little lower level in it than her own. She said at last: "I don't know what you mean by being a jay. But I guess we better not say anything more about this to-night."

"All right," Jeff returned. There never were any formal good-nights between the Durgins, and he went away now without further words.

His mother remained sitting where he left her. Two or three times she drew her empty darning-needle through the heel of the stocking she was mending.

She was still sitting there when Jackson passed on his way to bed, after leaving the office in charge of the night porter. He faltered, as he went by, and as he stood on the threshold she told him what Jeff had told her.

"That's good," he said, lifelessly. "Good for Jeff," he added thoughtfully, conscientiously.

"Why a'n't it good for her, too?" demanded Jeff's mother, in quick resentment of the slight put upon him.

"I didn't say it wa'n't," said Jackson. "But it's better for Jeff."

"She may be very glad to get him!"

"I presume she is. She's always cared for him, I guess. She'll know how to manage him."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Durgin, "as I like to have you talk so, about Jeff. He was here, just now, wantin' to give up his last year in Harvard, so's to let you go off on a vacation. He thinks you've worked yourself down."

Jackson made no recognition of Jeff's professed self-sacrifice. "I don't want any vacation. I'm feeling first rate now. I guess that stuff I had from the writin' medium has begun to take hold of me. I don't know when I've felt so well. I believe I'm going to get stronger than ever I was. Jeff say I needed a rest?"

Something like a smile of compassion for the delusion of his brother dawned upon the sick man's wasted face, which was blotched with large freckles, and stared with dim large eyes from out a frame-work of grayish hair, and grayish beard cut to the edges of the cheeks and chin.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ARTILLERY AT THE STATE CAMP, PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK—THE MORNING DRILL.—Drawn by Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum.—[See Page 834.]

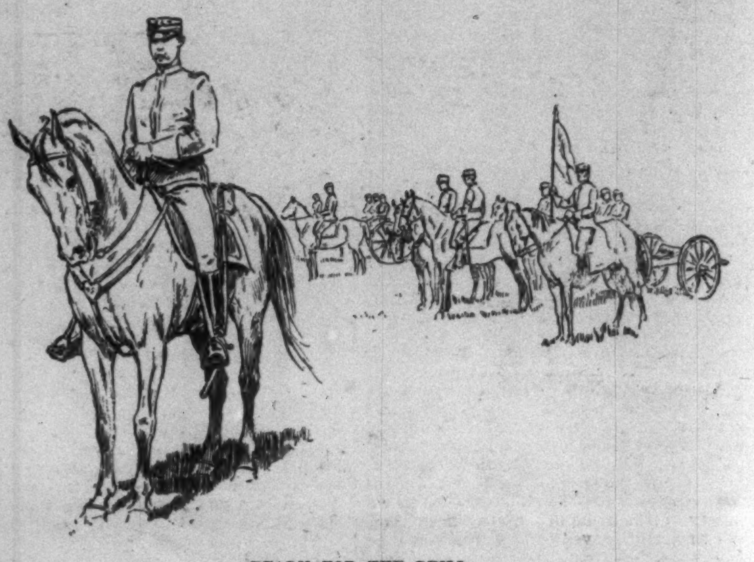
THE ARTILLERY CAMP AT PEEKSKILL.

The mounted services—artillery and cavalry—have been well represented the last week of the season at the State camp at Peekskill, not so much by the number of soldiers present, although five batteries and a troop of horse make no mean show of force even on a peace footing, but by the quality and character of the troops assembled there, and the interest shown by both regulars and volunteers in the work for which they were brought together. Unfortunately the torrid heat, almost unprecedented in this latitude for the length of its duration, interfered greatly with the execution of the purpose of the encampment, for drills and manœuvres had to be curtailed, and in some instances abandoned, out of consideration for the health and safety of both horses and men. Nevertheless much good work has been done, and credit is due to all the troops, and particularly to the militiamen, for the zeal and enthusiasm displayed under most trying and disadvantageous conditions. When I say that the citizen soldiers of the command deserve special praise for the manner in which they have undergone the ordeal, I do not wish to make any invidious comparison between them and their comrades of the army, for the latter are men trained to meet all and any conditions of military service, and the whole history of the regular army is replete with instances of heroic devotion to duty under circumstances to which mere weather conditions are child's play; but the cheerful, not to say light-hearted, way in which these comparatively untrained men have undergone what to the average civilian must be downright hardship, the intelligent ardor in which they have "buckled" to the work cut out for them, are deserving of the highest commendation.

Not a breath of air stirring; from the towering staffs the flags hang motionless in straight folds, limp scarlet, white, and blue against a sky hard as brass, and glowing with heat as from a furnace, and the canvas of the long rows of tents throw back white caloric rays quivering in the atmosphere above, robbing the strong shadows of even a semblance of coolness, while the flat plateau stretches out from the hills back of it burning under the pitiless glare of the sun. It is still early in the day, but the soldiers have been at work for some hours already, and even now "the rumble and grumble and roar" of heavy-wheeled gun-carriages, the thunder of many score iron-shod hoofs, the brassy blare of trumpets, and loud words of command sound in the torrid air, and yellow dust clouds rise sluggishly, settling down to earth again, as the batteries pass to and fro on the drill-grounds. In front of where the white awnings of the picket-lines relieve against the dark foliage behind them, a field-battery—long, sinister, steel, breech-loading rifles—moves at a trot over the plain, the scarlet guidon fluttering, and the felt campaign hats of drivers and cannoneers so many light brown spots in the dust cloud enveloping the guns, while the sweating horses strain at the traces, trundling the ponderous carriages easily along in spite of the heat. Now the dark mass breaks, the heavy trails drop to the ground with metallic clang as the cannoneers leap to their posts, the limbers wheel to their places in rear of the pieces, and caissons halt, while the hills reverberate with thundering echoes as gun after gun bursts into flame and smoke. Away beyond there, skirting the base of the hills, the drivers of the "regular" battery, coatless and stripped to their under-shirts, are walking their horses up and down, exercising them quietly, while over in the battery park the cannoneers are engaged at "standing" gun-drill. With rattle and snap, bright polished brass-work and steel glinting in the sun, a battery of Gatlings, many-barrelled, rolls over the turf of the parade, while riding now to one point, now to another, the inspecting officers, detailed from army headquarters, watch the progress of the drills.

For an hour or more the troops manœuvre, when the trumpet blares out recall—a welcome sound indeed, for the rough work of the light-artilleryman, hard work under any circumstances, is no joke in this intensely trying temperature—a fact that the medical corps is evidently fully alive to, judging from the white flag with the red cross among the trees yonder, indicating the presence there of an ambulance corps. Although the drill is over, work in plenty is still to be done. The guns are parked, horses unharnessed, the saddles and equipments placed on the poles, and while drivers lead to the picket-line to rub down and care for their reeking-hot, four-footed charges, and turn them over to the stable guard, the guns are placed in order, and the sentry paces, with sabre drawn, up and down between the lines of carriages. Then comes the march back to quarters; ranks are broken, and the perspiring soldiers divest themselves of every particle of clothing decency will admit of, and seek the hot shelter of their tents, or gather about the water-butt, while demands for ice and the wherewithal to irrigate parched throats are loud and emphatic.

But little work is attempted after the men have had dinner, until stable call sounds, and towards evening the "regulars"—sometimes the cavalry, at others the battery—form on the parade for drill. The presence at the camp of these fine troops furnishes an excellent object-lesson to the National-Guardsmen. Regulars have a simple and matter-of-fact way of going about their business, which is born of long experience in their trade, and although curtailed by adverse circumstances as they were, the exercises and drills of these troops have been watched and studied with eager interest.



READY FOR THE DRILL.

The march to the camp from New York, in which four batteries of militia and Captain Dillenback's battery of the First United States Artillery took part, was made under similar unfavorable conditions as to the almost unbearable heat, as was the sojourn in camp, and men and horses suffered most severely. It seems a pity that practice marches cannot be undertaken at a time of year when the chances of good weather conditions are better. Nevertheless the experience gained was most valuable, and the contrast between the holiday soldier of only a few years ago and the citizen soldier of to-day shows how great has been the improvement. R. F. Zogbaum.

THE WEEK OF GREAT HEAT.

In New York city and the country round about there had been three uncommonly hot days, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, August 6, 7, and 8, and then on the 9th an even more pitiless intensity, though not exactly permitted, was suffered with a measure of patience, for that was regarded as the culmination. Weather-wise persons began to speak of a low-pressure area which was at the moment central over Minnesota, and which might pass over New York on Monday morning, bringing cooler weather in its train. "The trough of depression," we were assured, "was already spreading eastward over the upper lake region, and into this comparative atmospheric vacuum the winds were flowing, assisted by an area of high pressure on the South Atlantic coast." Lacking somewhat in clearness of statement, the prophecy seemed to be only the more characteristically prophetic, but the weather that came was a flat transgression.

On the 10th of August the total number of deaths in New York city, as shown in the table prepared by Dr. Roger Tracy, Registrar of Vital Statistics, was 129, and of these 20 were to be attributed directly to heat; for August 11 the same table shows 240 deaths, with 53 due to the heat; on the following day the death-roll mounted to 335, including 123 deaths from the heat; and during the twenty-four hours ending at noon on Thursday, August 13, the proportion of fatalities from the same cause was even greater—130 in a total of 350. In all there were 434 citizens of the metropolis slain by shafts of the sun in the five days reckoned from noon on Saturday, August 8, to the noon of Thursday, August 13.

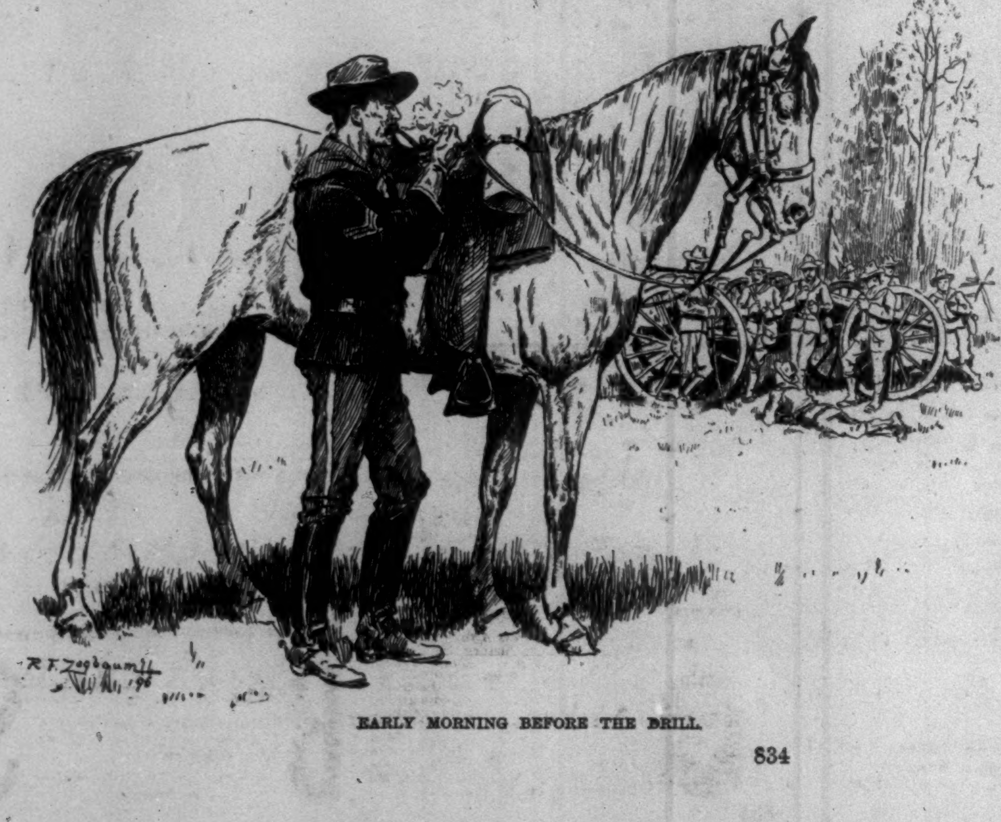
Regarding this exceptional period as practically ended at the date of this writing (August 14), it is now interesting to review its progress, as it has been recorded from day to day. The thermometer on the Manhattan Life tower showed 91° on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. On Sunday the mercury in the street thermometers, truly expressing the accumulation of heat in the city's pavements and walls of stone and brick, told of 95° and 96°. In the early morning of that day the air was charged with 89 per cent. of humidity. The following statement was made by one of the daily papers:

"New York city has not had such a succession of hot days and such lists of prostrations by the heat since 1892. In July of that year the official thermometer registered, on the 25th, 94°; on the 26th, 96½°; 27th, 92½°; 28th, 94°; 29th, 95½°; and fell off on the 30th to 84°. The humidity was high as well as the heat, and the published lists of prostrations and fatal sunstrokes rose to 31 deaths and 92 prostrations in New York and Brooklyn on the 28th, and 65 deaths and 133 prostrations on the 29th. There were 30 deaths and 63 prostrations on the 30th. The 30th, with 96½°, was, excepting two, the hottest day the city had had since the government thermometer was put up. On July 9, 1876, that instrument registered 99°, and on September 1, 1881, 100°. The street thermometers, on all three of these occasions, rose to between 107° and 110°. In September last we had four hot days in succession, with a temperature of 95° and 96°, but few sunstrokes."

Instead of the hoped-for relief, Monday brought an added degree of heat. Work on many of the tall iron and steel buildings in course of construction was mercifully intermitted. The Commissioner of Public Works, Mr. Charles H. T. Collis, issued an order to the effect that the tour of duty of laborers on public highways should commence at 6 A.M. and terminate at 11 A.M.; that this should constitute a full day's work; that repairs of streets should be confined to the shady side of those running north and south; and that all other repairs, excepting emergency cases, should be postponed until further orders. At the various hospitals all the wards were reported as overcrowded; the ambulance service was overtaxed, and supply wagons were pressed into service as ambulances; coroners' physicians could scarcely meet the demand upon them.

For Tuesday, August 11, the record of the New York *Herald* thermometer was as follows: 3 A.M., 83°; 6 A.M., 82°; 9 A.M., 87°; 12 M., 100°; 3.30 P.M., 103°; 6 P.M., 95°; 9 P.M., 90°. The alarming statement was made that "the dead bodies of the stricken ones lay without care for hours, and, when the overworked coroner's physicians arrived to grant the removal permit, were a menace to health. Bodies of dead horses were strewn in every block, where they were left for hours before the vans arrived to remove them." Several novel features of the relief measures due to Commissioner Collis and to the Brooklyn Park Commissioner, Mr. T. L. Woodruff, may be mentioned in this connection. The former issued an order on Wednesday that the fifteen floating baths on the water-front should be kept open all night; the latter issued a general invitation to the public (having in mind particularly the poor of Brooklyn) to spend the night in the parks, "if the houses were found too warm."

Another excellent device was that of which a half-amusing, half-pathetic consequence is shown in the second drawing on the same page. The streets of many parts of the East Side were flushed with water from the hydrants, thirty men having been assigned to this work, and several of the men added a little ingenuity to the enthusiastic discharge of their duty. The hydrants were converted for the nonce into shower-baths, free to all (save that the children were preferred), and public enough to accord with the most advanced ideas. Marrion Wilcox.



EARLY MORNING BEFORE THE DRILL.

THE BRYAN NOTIFICATION MEETING.

Madison Square Garden, on the evening of August 12, presented a wonderful scene, and perhaps most impressive to the late comers, who found it, after their protracted struggles with unsympathetic policemen, all set and ready for the performance. Before eight o'clock every seat in the house was occupied, and the remaining floor was packed with a standing crowd. Everybody had disposed himself with a view more to his personal comfort than to the proprieties of the occasion. That one man in ten retained his coat is rather an overestimate, and at least every other man had armed himself with a palm-leaf fan against the simmering heat. From one side of the Garden the aspect of the other under the glare of the arches of white electric light was strange and impressive. The rows of pink faces over shirts mostly white, with here and there a patch of color in a shirt of blue or pink or green, made it difficult to distinguish the sexes. There were many hundreds, if they did not mount into the

thousands, of shirt-waisted women, rare swelterers in the vast terraces of shirt-sleeved men, and line after line of fluttering fans from the floor to the lunettes of the upper gallery. Only the passages were clear of humanity except for the police, who resignedly kept their coats on, and did without fans and suffered. Away off at the east end a high-perched band discoursed raucous strains, as the great throng sweltered and waited to be thrilled by the eloquence that had stampeded a national convention, and secured the nomination of the orator to the Presidency.

They had a long time to wait. In the railed and beflagged box at the centre of the north side, which was the tribune of the occasion, sat the sponsors of the candidate, of whom but one, Senator Jones of Arkansas, was generally known by name, and he not by sight. The familiar faces of the leaders of the party in New York were not to be seen. *Fulgebant absentes.* In place of them, to preside at the meeting, and to welcome the candidate of the party to the city which has always been the Democratic stronghold, was only the inconspicuous Mr. Elliot Danforth, who once held one of the clerkships we dignify by the name of "State offices," and who presently proved to be as ineffectual as he was inconspicuous. When the candidate arrived there was a demonstration, not of cheering so much as of yelling and cat-calling, but there was no doubt of its cordiality. But then came Senator Jones, calling to order, and nominating Mr. Danforth to preside, and Mr. Danforth calling with proper brevity upon ex-Governor Stone of Missouri. But there was no proper brevity about ex-Governor Stone, who was to do the notifying. He is no orator, as Bryan was supposed to be, but he evidently regarded the notification as the opportunity of his life, and he squared himself for an oration—an oration read from manuscript. He was rather amusing when he began to twist the tail of the British lion, and to defy him, like the young orator in *Martin Chuzzlewit.* But presently he ceased to be amusing, and after a quarter of an hour the good-natured crowd began to lose even its abounding patience, and to hiss the ex-Governor of Missouri, and to howl him down with calls for Bryan. At first it seemed that the ex-Governor would not be denied, and the ineffectual Mr. Danforth did his best with his mallet, but after a time the denouncers so plainly outnumbered the speaker that they "prevailed on him to stop," and he came to his notification with abruptness, stopped with an air rather of having been bottled than of having concluded, and subsided with apparently half his music in him.

Then uprose the Boy Orator of the Platte, and received an uproarious and cacophonous welcome, which was renewed whenever it threatened to fail, so that it was six minutes before he could be heard. Then the audience settled itself to be thrilled and magnetized, and to its surprise, broadening into disgust, it experienced no thrill. It had come to see and hear the Boy Orator perform, and he did not perform. What it saw was a man apparently of middle height and of middle age, for Mr. Bryan looks at least five years, if not ten, older than he is, and has a bald disk several inches in diameter upon his cranium. He was, apparently, down to the rail which hid his lower person, in the flippant evening dress of the effete East, but it seemed that he was really clad in the serious-minded frock-coat and white tie appropriate to solid statesmanship on solemn occasions. His shaven beard is very strong, and imparts an indigo tinge to the lower half of his face, so that the ignorant spectator who had been called upon to "place" him would have been apt to waver between a priest who had neglected his hair-cutter and a strolling tragedian.

What was evident was that there was in his aspect nothing of distinction. Neither was there, when he began to speak, in the manner or in the matter of his speech. It was not, indeed, properly a speech at all, for he read it from a printed copy, to which, except just at the close, he was absolutely bound. No man could make an effect properly oratorical under such conditions; and if Mr. Bryan be an orator of the kind men flock to hear, it is certain that he showed no sign of the orator's power on the occasion on which for him so much depended. His "means," as the dramatic critics say, are only moderate. His voice showed signs of wear: but it is a useful, carrying voice, and was doubtless audible throughout the amphitheatre so long as people listened. But it is merely useful. It has not a trace of the color, the vibrant quality, the "indescribable gusto," that Keats attributed to Kean, and that is the first of the orator's gifts. It is hard and common. So is his manner, and so, notably, is his diction. During the time that his audience still hopefully attended to him he did not give it a happy or a memorable saying, not one of those electric phrases that the master of his hearers knows how to apply, and that raise first ripples and then waves of applause. They had come to hear a great orator, and they saw a common-looking man with a face bent towards his copy, intoning statistics from manuscript. After a quarter of an hour of this they gave up expecting anything different or better, and began to depart, at first "single spies," and presently "in battalions." In half an hour full half the seats on the south side, of which every one had been occupied when he began, were empty. Full three-quarters of his speech was delivered to a retreating procession.

This was the manner of the speech, and this is the kind of orator that Mr. Bryan showed himself to be. This is not the place to discuss what he said, but it may be proper to mention that to the listener the impudence of calling what Mr. Bryan proposes "bimetallism" was as palpable as it is to the reader. The dilemma was as evident of which he impaled himself in turn on either horn, the dilemma that if free coinage raises the market price of the metal coined to the nominal value of the coin, there will be no cheaper dollar, and that if it does not do this, there will be repudiation. If the connoisseur of oratory was much depressed by the flat failure of Mr. Bryan's speech, the supporter of national honor must have been correspondingly elated. Before he had done, even the precipitate ratifiers of Tammany seemed to be sensible of their precipitation, and to scent disastrous failure. The hearer of another kind could recall jubilantly the words of the emphatic Carlyle, "Leave the thing to run through its rapid fermentations, and to fluff itself off into nothing in its own way—like a poor bottle of soda-water with the cork sprung—it won't be long."

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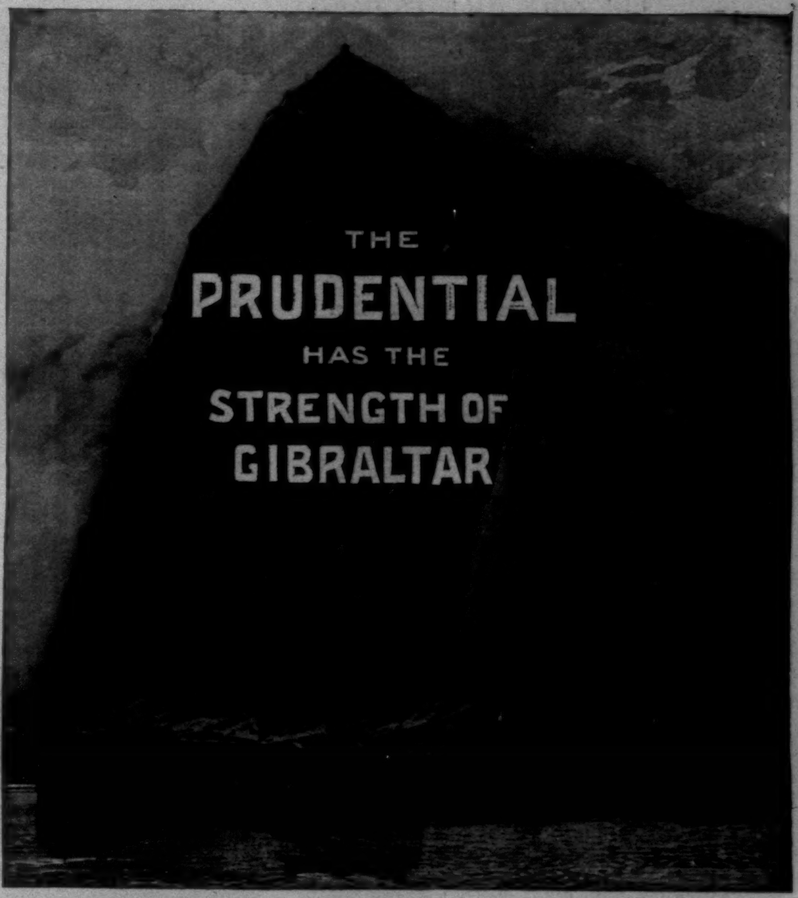

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SIR JOHN MILLAIS, BART.

THE history of art contains the names of few men who gave earlier evidence of talent and predilection for the calling than was displayed in the work of Sir John Millais, the late President of the Royal Academy, when he was but a mere child.

At six he drew with remarkable precocity. At ten his keen observation of humanity and nature was little short of marvellous. There are efforts in lead-pencil now in possession of the family that would be creditable performances for mature hands, done nevertheless when the boy was in short trousers, and from the very first there was never the shadow of a doubt as to his future profession. He was sent to an art school at an early age—how early may be inferred when it is stated that at nine he had won the silver medal of the Society of Arts with a drawing from the antique. When he was but eleven he entered as a regular student of the Royal Academy, three years later taking the silver medal of that institution.

Continued appreciation followed. At eighteen the gold medal was given him for his work in the life classes, the greatest scholastic honor bestowed, and before he was out of his teens he was a valued contributor to the organization of which he was destined later to become the head. Nor does his astonishing record end here. When barely twenty-one he painted a remarkable picture entitled "Christ at the House of His Parents," that attracted the greatest attention wherever it was shown, and a year or two later his picture "The Order of the Release" was distinguished by attracting such crowds at the Royal Academy as to necessitate its being railed in—a circumstance by its infrequency calling much attention to the young painter.

In his twenty-fifth year Millais was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, an honor never before conferred on one so young, save in the case of Sir Thomas Lawrence. Nine years later he became a full-fledged Academician, and in 1885 the Queen made him a Baronet. He had many honors in his own country and elsewhere. In 1855 he received a medal of the second class at the Paris Salon. In the Universal Exhibition in the same city in 1878 he was voted a medal of honor. This same year he was created an officer of the Legion of Honor, while in 1883 he was made a member of the Institute of France.

Furthermore, Sir John Millais was a member of the academies of Edinburgh, Antwerp, Madrid, Rome, and Florence—his portrait by himself hanging in the Uffizi Gallery in the last-named city. At the death of Sir Francis Grant, in 1878, his name was prominently mentioned in connection with the presidency of the Royal Academy, but he withdrew in favor of the late Lord Leighton, at whose death, however, he was the unanimous choice for the high honor, being elected chief of that institution February 20 of this year. At the time of his selection for this important post he was not in good health, nor has he been since, a complication of throat troubles culminating in his death August 13.

He married the divorced wife of John Ruskin, who was separated from the great art-writer for unfortunate reasons reflecting no discredit on either, and he leaves a large family. His son John Guille Millais, a fellow of the Zoological Society, is a well-known writer on general art and sporting topics in London. A daughter married Lieutenant Thompson, of the army, the hero of one of the English campaigns in Africa. One of his sisters is the widow of the late Lester Wallack, the well-known actor, and for long the proprietor of Wallack's Theatre.

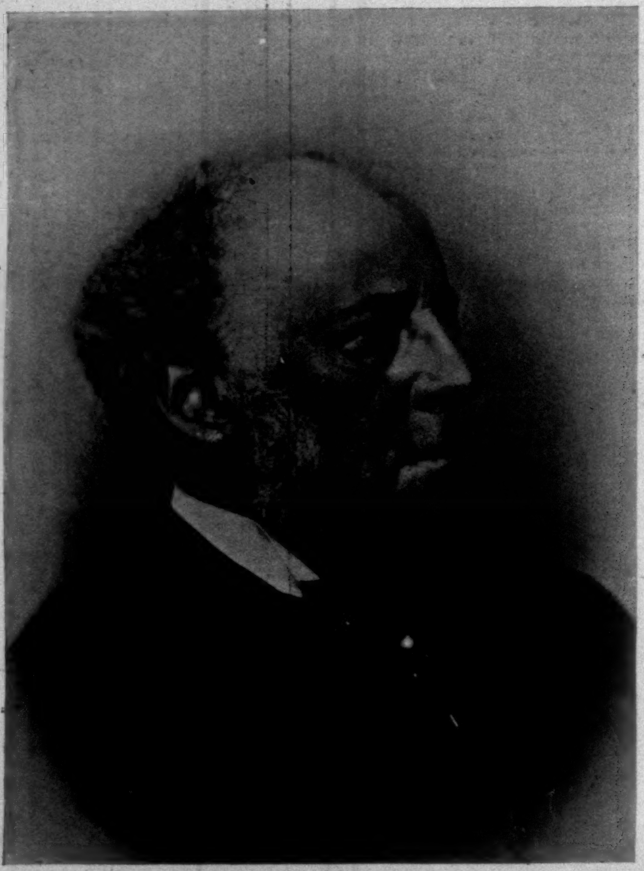
Throughout his entire career Sir John Millais enjoyed the most phenomenal success in a material way. As a portrait-painter he could not fulfil all the commissions that were offered him. Prominent among those whose likenesses he has put on canvas may be mentioned William E. Gladstone, John Ruskin, the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, the Marquis of Salisbury, Henry Irving, Mrs. Langtry, John Bright, Lord Tennyson, Lord Beaconsfield, Princess Marie of Edinburgh, the Marquis of Lorne, and the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, with many other people prominent in artistic, literary, and social circles.

A list of his subject pictures would fill two columns and more of this paper. The more popular, and those which have been reproduced in various mediums of black and white, include "The Huguenot Lovers," "Ophelia," "Black Brunswickers," "The Northwest Passage," a remarkable landscape, "Chill October," "Yes or No," "Effie Deans," "Princes in the Tower," "Yeomen of the Guard," "Sweetest Eyes were Ever Seen," and the "Bride of Lammermoor." His works are in several important collections in this country, notably the Vanderbilt and Walters galleries, but his great popularity in his own land has made it difficult to secure examples. All of his works have been sold immediately upon their completion, at enormous sums, and the painter has been most prolific.

Naturally the penalty for all this popularity has been exacted, for the man has been abundantly productive at the expense of the higher and the better qualities of his art. Towards the last half of his career the pressure was evident, while the care that marked his earlier and more serious efforts was absent. His color schemes, always of a certain characteristically English crudeness, became more pronouncedly unrefined; there were at times haste and negligence evident in his drawing. The subjects, too, were occasionally unworthy bids for continued popularity.

Personally the artist was most attractive, of strong individuality, handsome physique, and great manliness. Tall, athletic, and of powerful build, he was the beau ideal of a hearty, healthy type of Englishman, with more, it must be confessed, of the traditional country squire about him than of the preconceived characteristics of the artist. He lived luxuriously in a fine mansion in Palace Gate, South Kensington, a fashionable quarter of London, where he entertained lavishly the best of people. Unquestionably one of the most distinguished English artists of this century, he will be affectionately remembered by the public.

ARTHUR HOEBER.



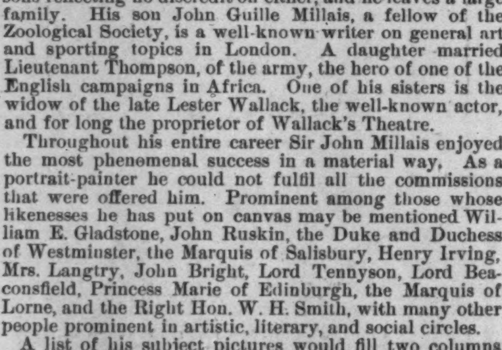
SIR JOHN MILLAIS, BART.

THE HODGKINS MEDAL.

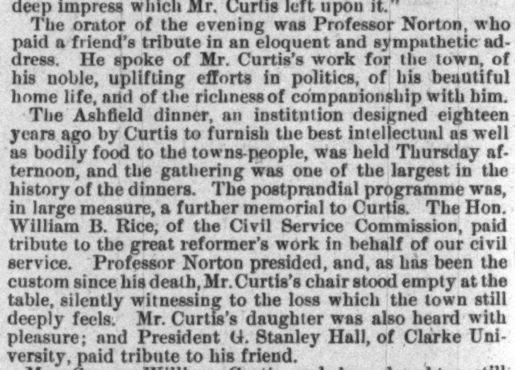
IN March, 1893, Secretary Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, issued a circular announcing that a medal would be established under the name of "The Hodgkins Medal of the Smithsonian Institution," to be awarded annually or biennially for important contributions to our knowledge of the nature and properties of atmospheric air, or for practical applications of our existing knowledge of them to the welfare of mankind; this medal to be of gold, and to be accompanied by a duplicate impression in silver or bronze. The same circular made the announcement of the several Hodgkins prizes, including that of $10,000 for a treatise embodying some new and important discovery in regard to the nature or properties of atmospheric air—these properties to be considered in their bearing upon any or all of the sciences—that is to say, not only in regard to meteorology, but in connection with hygiene, or with any department whatever of biological or physical knowledge. Papers from every quarter of the globe were received at the Smithsonian Institution in competition for these prizes, and some two hundred and eighteen essays were submitted to a jury consisting of Dr. S. P. Langley, *ex officio*, Dr. G. Brown Goode, Dr. John S. Billings, and Professor M. W. Harrington, who, together with a foreign advisory committee composed of Professor T. H. Huxley, Monsieur J. Jansen, and Professor Wilhelm von Bezold, announced, on August 6, 1895, that the first prize had been awarded to Lord Rayleigh and Professor William Ramsay for their magnificent discovery of a hitherto unknown element in the atmosphere, which they called argon. The second prize, of $2000, was not awarded; but the third prize, $1000, was given to Dr. Henri de Varigny, of Paris, for his essay entitled "L'Air et la Vie."

Just as the first Hodgkins prize was the most valuable one given for a discovery in science, so it was determined that not only should the medal be the largest and contain more gold than any other similar medal, but also that it should be second to none in artistic value. Accordingly, Secretary Langley arranged with J. C. Chaplain, of Paris, whose work has gained for him a seat in the French Academy, and who is recognized as the master of medallic art in the world, to produce for the medal the beautiful design shown in the accompanying illustration.

The graceful figure may be held to represent knowledge, and so is typical of the mission of the Smithsonian Institution as expressed in the phrase, "for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men," contained in the will of James Smithson. The words "Per Orbem" are from the seal of the institution. The reverse is adapted from the design of the seal of the institution, and is similar to it, except the centre, where, in lieu of the map of the world and the motto "Per Orbem," the words "Hodgkins Medal" now appear. The seal was designed by St. Gaudens. No impression of the Hodgkins medal in gold has as yet been awarded, but four impressions in silver and eight in bronze were awarded to successful competitors for the Hodgkins prizes. In future the medal will be awarded from time to time as some grand scientific discovery is made that is worthy of such recognition. These medals were struck at the French mint in Paris, and are seven and a half centimetres in diameter (about three inches), and the gold medal was to have had a bullion value of $240 to $300.



THE HODGKINS MEDAL.



REVERSE SIDE OF THE HODGKINS MEDAL.

A MEMORIAL TO GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

THE memory of George William Curtis is tenderly cherished throughout the land of which he was called the "first citizen," and in the little Massachusetts hill town of Ashfield, where he made his summer home for twenty-seven years prior to his death, his name and memory are most affectionately honored. Since Curtis's death, four years ago, no permanent material recognition of his great service to the town had been made, until the Curtis Club, a local organization having as its aim the perpetuation of his name and good works, conceived the idea of a memorial tablet. On Wednesday evening, August 12, a fine brass tablet, set prominently in the town-hall, was unveiled with appropriate exercises and presented to the town. This presentation was, in a sense, the prelude to the annual Ashfield dinner and intellectual feast, which followed on Thursday.

The handsome polished tablet bears this simple inscription in black, written by Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard, Curtis's summer neighbor and friend: "In grateful and affectionate remembrance of George William Curtis, and as a memorial of his presence and speech on many occasions in this hall, this tablet is set up by the Curtis Club of Ashfield.—MDCCCXCVI." Archibald D. Flower, president of the club, made the speech of presentation. In brief, he said: "As the years go by, this tablet will be looked upon by many who did not know Mr. Curtis as we knew him, and the story of his life will be told, his writings more widely read, and the high ideals taught by his illustrious example will be an inspiration to many. The town will forever cherish the deep impress which Mr. Curtis left upon it."

The orator of the evening was Professor Norton, who paid a friend's tribute in an eloquent and sympathetic address. He spoke of Mr. Curtis's work for the town, of his noble, uplifting efforts in politics, of his beautiful home life, and of the richness of companionship with him.

The Ashfield dinner, an institution designed eighteen years ago by Curtis to furnish the best intellectual as well as bodily food to the towns-people, was held Thursday afternoon, and the gathering was one of the largest in the history of the dinners. The postprandial programme was, in large measure, a further memorial to Curtis. The Hon. William B. Rice, of the Civil Service Commission, paid tribute to the great reformer's work in behalf of our civil service. Professor Norton presided, and, as has been the custom since his death, Mr. Curtis's chair stood empty at the table, silently witnessing to the loss which the town still deeply feels. Mr. Curtis's daughter was also heard with pleasure; and President G. Stanley Hall, of Clarke University, paid tribute to his friend.

Mrs. George William Curtis and her daughter still spend their summers at Ashfield, occupying the house which Mr. Curtis fitted up, next to Professor Norton's summer home, on a little hill overlooking the town.

AMATEUR SPORT

Eighty odd years ago there was a brief though historical meeting on Lake Erie between English and American boats. Next Monday is to witness another; but this time the results will make sporting rather than political history.

There will be a yacht-race off Toledo on the 24th second in importance only to those hitherto sailed for the *America's* Cup, that blue ribbon of the yachting world. Few yachtsmen, certainly of the Atlantic coast, realize how many boat-owners there are on the Great Lakes, or how almost continuous the racing from the opening to the closing of the season. It is an insignificant town indeed, on Lakes Ontario, Erie, or Michigan, that does not support a small fleet, and Oswego, Buffalo, Toronto, Erie, Pt. Dover, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Milwaukee, and Chicago have large fleets and flourishing clubs.

There has always been an amount of racing between American and Canadian yachts every year, and many struggles for international supremacy that furnished good sport, but were never officially recognized. The fact that the Lake yachtsmen were wise enough to build within substantially the same dimensions has of course added constantly to the class, and naturally, too, to the annual sport. Boats have not been outbuilt yearly to be shelved with all the concurrent loss that shelving means to the owner. The evolution of the racing-yacht has been going forward, but it has been in one or, at most, two classes, not beyond the reach of the majority. The Lake yachtsman has been more discerning and more practicable than his salt-water prototype of the Atlantic coast. And in consequence his success has been considerable.

With all the racing, there has nevertheless not been an official contest between the Canadian and American boats, though they are approximately of the same class or classes. With the idea of inaugurating an international inter-lake yacht-race, the Lincoln Park Yacht Club of Chicago last February issued a challenge to Canadian yachtsmen, which was as promptly accepted by the Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto, the representative yachting association of the Dominion. The Canadians first thought to race *Zelma*, a very fast relic of last year, but finally decided on building an especial challenger. Instructions were cabled J. Fife, Jun., of Fairlie, Scotland. The frames were constructed in Scotland, forwarded to Canada, and on June 22 the challenger was launched and christened *Canada*. This, I believe, is the quickest work on record for an important yacht.

"Canada" is essentially a racing-machine, and everything has been sacrificed to speed. Her over-all length is said to be 54 feet; water-line length, 43 feet; beam, 11 feat; draught, 8 feet. She is of cutter type, actually drawing, without her fin, about three feet. Her fin terminates in a bulb, such as we saw last year on our 21-footers, and as is pretty generally in use now on smaller boats, and she will very likely be quick in stays. She is cut away so much forward as to give very little cabin room; there are no bulkheads or internal fixtures of any kind not positively necessary, and she is, in fact, "skinned" to the last degree. Nor could she ever be equipped for cruising, since her exceedingly shallow draught leaves no depth to her interior floor.

She is said to be an improved *Ailsa* of half the size, but the overhangs forward and aft are further drawn out than Fife's boats have heretofore shown. Her fittings are light and strong, and she appears to be all that money and Mr. Fife's skill can produce. Her principal owner and skipper is A. Emilius Jarvis, president of the Canadian Lake Yachting Association, and rear-commodore of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club.

Their challenge accepted, a Chicago syndicate placed an order with the Racine Company for a boat from the designs of Pockel. Although Pockel was upwards of nine years associated with the Herreshoffs, and has had therefore unsurpassed opportunity for acquiring intimacy with the lines that have defeated all comers, still this *Vencedor* (Spanish for conqueror), as the defender is called, is his first boat. If he succeed against a designer of such ability and so long experience as Fife, he will have good occasion to be proud of his work. He has gone to *Defender* for his lines, and seems to have taken her, indeed, for model. Certainly he could not have taken a better. The important question is whether Pockel has made successful application to *Vencedor*, which is about 45 feet water-line length, of the best points of *Defender*, with her 89 l. w. l. Still another important query that cannot be decided until Monday—perhaps not then—is whether the features that have made a ninety-footer invincible will speed the forty-five-footer.

As is usually the case, authentic measurements of these two boats have been impossible to get, and the figures given are the best obtainable from sources considered trustworthy. *Vencedor* is a larger and more powerful boat in every respect than *Canada*. She is not so much the racing-machine as *Canada*, although her lines simulate those seen in the fastest boats of recent years. *Vencedor* is a fin keel, with an over-all length of 65 feet; water-line length, 45 feet; beam, 12 feet, 1 inch.; and draught, 10 feet. Her sheer looks more powerful, and her entrance is clean. She will carry more sail than *Canada*, though how much is one of those things we shall not know until the races begin. *Canada* will carry about 2000 square feet.

There is but one unpleasant feature of this international event, and that is the character of the prize. I think it fair to print a letter on the subject I have received from a member of the Toledo Association:

Toledo, Ohio, *August* 7, 1896.

Dear Sir,—At a meeting of the Toledo International Yacht-Race Association last evening our Secretary, Mr. Porter, read a letter from you in which you expressed your surprise that a money prize should have been offered the winner of the coming international yacht-race between *Vencedor* and *Canada*. Mr. Porter will write you in regard to the matter, and the writer would like to supplement what he will say by a short statement in regard to it.

Last spring, when the idea was conceived here of putting forth an effort to secure the sailing of this race off the port of Toledo, the writer, with Mr. Robinson Locke, of the Toledo *Blade*, as representatives of the Toledo Chamber of Commerce, met a joint committee from the two local yacht clubs, and the matter was discussed as to a suitable method to be adopted. It was decided to offer, as an inducement to the joint committee from Toronto and Chicago, as handsome a trophy cup as we could secure, fully appreciating the value of precedent, and adopting this method, of course, in conformity with the long-established and time-honored custom in international and amateur events. The duty devolved upon the writer to secure suitable designs, and he wrote to Messrs. Tiffany & Co., and they forwarded to us eight very handsome special designs for this event. Our committee unanimously accepted the design which was to cost $1700, and was by far the most beautiful design for a trophy cup which the writer has ever seen.

Our committee went to Detroit, where the meeting of the joint committee from Chicago and Toronto was held, taking these designs with them as our bid for the race. We were greatly disappointed when the committee refused to accept this beautiful cup as the basis of our offer. They stated that they had a surplus of cups already, literally "cups to burn" (as there is an immense amount of yacht-racing on the Great Lakes), and as they had been to considerable expense, the amount of the purse offered by the various competing cities would govern their decision, and they decided to accept $1500 in gold, to be supplemented by a cup of much less expense, which is now being designed for us by Messrs. Tiffany and Co. There was no other way for it than to meet their wishes and make the division of the offer in the way it stands at present, viz., $1500 in gold, with a special trophy cup to cost about $300. The New York *Sun*, as the writer recalls, gave a very accurate statement of the whole matter at the time, and we had rested in the assurance that Toledo's position was well understood.

Our Association appreciates your writing us so frankly in regard to the matter, and the opportunity given us of showing you that we fully appreciate the undesirability of departing from a time-honored custom in such events. We should have liked beyond measure to have given the cup as we have stated, but it was not to be, for, whether the race was to be sailed here or elsewhere, it would have been sailed for a money consideration, for the reasons stated by the committee, which we have quoted herein.

Yours very truly,
S. P. Jermain.

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT-RACE CUP OFFERED BY TOLEDO FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE GREAT LAKES.
By courtesy of Tiffany & Co.

To have insisted upon a purse reflects discreditably upon the committees of the Royal Canadian and Lincoln Park Yacht Clubs. It seems as though the atmosphere of Chicago and environs were saturated with professional instincts. Apparently the soil is not conducive to the cultivation of sportsmen. The Canadian club probably takes as precedent the mother-country, where yachts do race for a purse. But they do many things in England we do not wish to copy, nor cannot without much harm resulting, in the United States.

This will be the first international or inter-club yacht-race that has ever been sailed in this country for money. It is not an enviable distinction the committees of the Royal Canadian and Lincoln Yacht Clubs will have attained in amateur sporting annals.

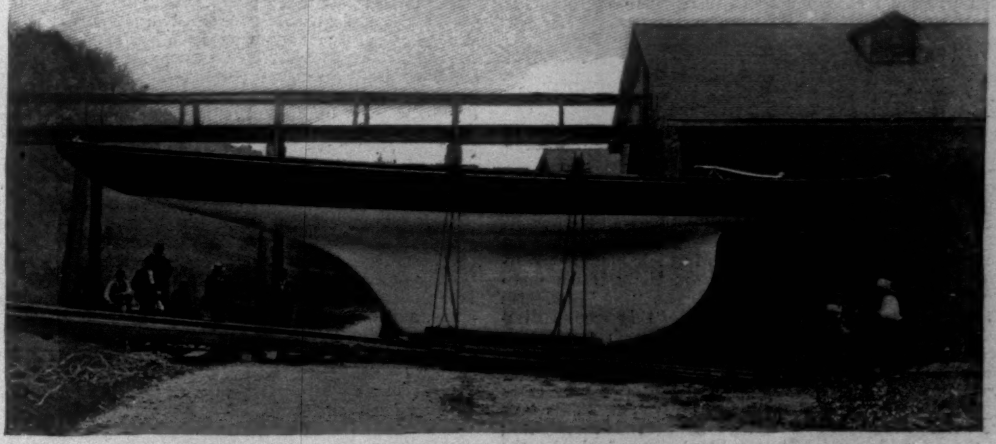
A series of regattas will precede the international event, beginning with three days of racing at Pt. Dover; from there to Cleveland, and then to Put-in-Bay, where, August 17, begin the annual races of the Inter-Lake Association.

Neither *Vencedor* nor *Canada*, at this writing, has revealed her form. *Canada* sailed a couple of races with *Zelma*, which told very little, and *Vencedor* was seen in one regatta that became a drift. The movements of the two boats, in fact, have been as mysterious as the most exacting "sporting gent" could wish. He need have no fear of the public's knowledge when he comes to lay his bets.

One pleasing feature, at least, will be the command of the yachts by their owners. Mr. Jarvis will sail *Canada*, and Mr. E. C. Berriman *Vencedor*, and the one winning two out of three wins the international lake championship—and in accepting the $1500 purse becomes a professional.

The number of first-class men in the national lawn-tennis championship (Newport, August 18) will be less this year than in any year of the previous ten. The quality of play, too, will average lower than heretofore. Nevertheless, the semi-final is likely, and the final round certain, to be filled with peculiar interest, for there are several things we want definitely settled this year.

There are just three men of all the entries who may, it seems to me, be considered in the discussion of the All Comers winner—W. A. Larned, R. D. Wrenn, and Carr Neel.



"CANADA," THE CHALLENGING 46-FOOTER FOR THE INTERNATIONAL LAKE CHAMPIONSHIP TO BE SAILED OFF TOLEDO AUGUST 24.

And these three, together with the present champion, F. H. Hovey, comprise all the really first-class men that will be seen on the Newport courts this year. Last year Clarence Hobart was lost to the singles tournament, and this year Howland and Chace will join him on the retired bench—temporarily, let us hope. Pity it is our players retire so young! Just as experience has begun to mellow and strengthen their game, they give it up. Englishmen remain active in tournament play years beyond our men; that is why the average of skill in Great Britain is so much higher than in the United States. There never was a year when mediocrity had so excellent a chance to work its way to the last rounds of the tournament. Should two of these three happen to come together in the early rounds, the remaining play in both halves would be dismal, sure enough.

At all events, the result of the three-cornered struggle between R. D. Wrenn, Larned, and C. Neel is going to be exceedingly interesting, and it would puzzle the most astute tennis expert to accurately forecast the winner. Neel last year beat Chace, and was subsequently defeated by Hovey in the semi-final. This year his game has improved a great deal. He is to-day probably the strongest man at the net, to which he runs from both courts on his service, and from which it is only possible to dislodge him by lobbing. His judgment is good, and the best evidence of his deliberate skill is given by his placing the ball from the net on the sharpest rallies. His ground strokes and his backhand are weaker than those of either Wrenn or Larned. His game shows none of that brilliant aggression which at tennis makes Larned's and Hovey's invincible. His is more like the Englishmen's—like Goodbody's, for instance—steady, getting back everything, and taking advantage of the slightest weakness in the opponent's play.

At his very best, and at their very best, I do not consider Neel's game so strong as that of Larned's, Wrenn's, or Hovey's. I should be greatly surprised to see him defeat Wrenn at Newport, but it would not surprise me to see him beat Larned, or even Hovey. This is not saying Wrenn and Neel are to meet in the finals, but it is taking into consideration the streaky play of Hovey and Larned. The odds would always be against Neel winning from any of the three, yet he must always be considered to have a better chance against Hovey and Larned than against Wrenn, even though the latter had himself lost to the others.

Neel is champion of the West in fact as well as in name. He is the highest exponent of play, which in the middle West has advanced materially during the past three years. Here in the East he has beaten Larned and Stevens, and lost to R. D. Wrenn and Fischer, though the last match was not representative.

Larned's prospects are as difficult to discuss now as they have always been. He has had a long season of practice, having gone through the most important English tournaments, and his brilliant streaks in consequence are more brilliant than ever. I have always believed that if Larned could sustain his pace he would win the championship; that was as true of the last two years as

Note.—Photograph of the *Vencedor* delayed in the mails.—Editor.

it is of the present one. But Larned is so uncertain on the courts that it is utterly impossible to say what he will do; it is enough for us to talk of what he may do. He does seem to have fewer reversals of form these days than formerly, and if no "off" days befall him at Newport, he ought to win not only the All Comers, but the championship. But who can forecast Larned's form!

He is quite as likely in so important a match to lose to Neel or Wrenn. Taking all things into consideration, his showing on English courts this year was very good. He was beaten by Mahoney, who subsequently won the championship, 3–6, 4–6, 6–3, 8–6, 6–3, while against H. Baddeley, who beat him, 4–6, 4–6, 6–4, 6–4, 6–3, he broke his racket in the third set. The best tennis he has ever played was at the Norwood Tournament, two weeks ago, when he defeated R. D. Wrenn two days in succession, 8–6, 6–2, 6–3, and 6–3, 3–6, 6–2, 7–5. It takes a good man and fine work to beat Wrenn, and Larned's form on these occasions surpassed any of which he was believed capable. In the same tournament he lost to Carr Neel, who outgeneraled and outplayed him.

R. D. Wrenn is always sure to play a strong game. He may be outrun for a few moments, but when his opponent's brilliant streak has been replaced by mediocrity, Wrenn will be found using his racket and his head just as cleverly as at the first. His game, analytically speaking, is not so powerful as Larned's, or Hovey's, or Hobart's; except only in lobbing, he excels none of these in any of the strokes. But his strength lies in his steadiness, in his head-work, and pluck. He is never beaten until the match is over, and that is the quality which wins. If he were at top form, Wrenn's chances of winning at Newport would be good; indeed, against uncertain players like Larned and Hovey, his chances of success must always be considered excellent. He has had little time for practice; has beaten Hovey this season, 10–8, 2–6, 6–4, 1–6, 6–4—or rather Hovey beat himself—Stevens twice, Neel, Fischer, G. L. Wrenn, and lost to Hobart, 6–8, 3–6, 4–6.

The drawings have brought Neel and Wrenn in one half and Larned in the other, which rather lessens Neel's chances for the All Comers, since it seems to me his prospects would be rosier against Larned than against Wrenn. Yet it needs but a very little "letting down" on Wrenn's part to put the Western champion in the final round. If Neel plays at his best, it will be as interesting a struggle as we have seen in many a day. Meanwhile Wrenn is at his desk in New York, hardly bettering his tennis form, and Neel is, as I write, at Narragansett Pier awaiting the doubles match between East and West. While there are undoubted possibilities of Neel defeating Wrenn, the probabilities are that he will not, and that we shall see Wrenn and Larned opposed in the final round for the All Comers prize,—Wrenn not up to the best form he has shown, and Larned after a long season in which he has exhibited on one or two occasions the strongest tennis of his career. It is really impossible to count at all on such men as Larned and Hovey,—they are quite as likely to play the most brilliant game of their lives at Newport as they are to play the poorest. If Larned is ever to approach consistency in play, this is the year we expect it,—our expectations being realized, and Larned showing a steady game at Newport,—the prize shall be his.

Hovey's chances of retaining the championship depend entirely on whether he has or has not an "off" day. These "off" days cut so prominent a figure in the play of Hovey and Larned, we are obliged to consider them seriously. Wrenn's or Neel's top game is at all times more likely than Larned's to upset Hovey, because he and Larned are too much alike in play and disposition. Hovey has had little practice this season, and can hardly be so good as he was last year at Newport. So of the three Larned is in the best form. But in his match at Longwood against Wrenn, which he lost, Hovey gave unmistakable evidence of the old brilliancy still being within his capabilities. He literally beat himself in that match, after some streaks of play that were marvellously clever. Somehow I feel that if Wrenn prove the challenger this year Hovey will beat him. If Larned and Hovey meet for the championship we shall have a struggle full of exciting moments between these two erratic yet most brilliant performers.

If Larned had Wrenn's steadiness he would be the champion of '96–7; if Hovey also had it we should witness such a tennis match as man never beheld; if Wrenn had the brilliancy of either Hovey or Larned he might be a perpetual champion. As it is, there is abundant room for speculation. I incline a bit toward Larned, the result probably of intuition more than reason, for as strong claims may be urged for both Hovey and Wrenn.

Interest in the Newport tournament is not by any means to stop at the work of these four. There is a second division in Richard Stevens, S. R. Neel, E. P. Fischer, and G. L. Wrenn that will provide much good play and several spirited matches. Mr. Stevens can hardly be looked upon as a factor in the championship, but his is a game with which not even the best may take liberties. He is the steadiest player of the lot, and his form is consistent and always hard to beat. He gave Larned several very disquieting moments in their match at Norwood, and is always dangerous, especially if his more brilliant opponent is against him on an "off" day. He must be considered as number one of this second division. He has beaten Fischer, and though the match would always be close, he can probably do it again. Stevens's tennis is never tentative. He will unquestionably work his way to the semi-finals, unless drawn very early against one of the three in the first division. This may be a timely moment to commend Mr. Stevens for sticking to the game, although he knows his chances of winning the All Comers cup are remote. It is a display of sportsmanship I wish we could see more frequently in lawn-tennis. The game stands much in need of a few more men who do not retire when their prospects of securing championship honors have passed.

A most interesting match, if they happen to be drawn together, will be that between Fischer, who has beaten G. L. Wrenn (brother of R. D.), and S. R. Neel (brother of Carr), who has also beaten G. L. Wrenn, and shown form not a great deal inferior to his brother's. Were A. E. Foote to play he would be an interesting addition to this class. He has also beaten G. L. Wrenn. Fischer has improved on last year's form, and put a season of excellent work to his credit, winning from Hobart, C. Neel, G. L. Wrenn, and Chace, and losing to Stevens and R. D. Wrenn.

Yet another division to make engaging contests will include Whitman, Ware, and Budlong, all of whom have beaten Paret this year, although not having tested their strength one against the other. So, after all, there will be play in plenty provocative of interest. The regret is that our first class should be growing so small and the second class developing substitutes so slowly.

The entry list for the Eastern championship doubles at Narragansett Pier last week promised good sport throughout the week, but the promise failed of eventuation. Until the Eastern championship had been easily won by F. H. Hovey and Clarence Hobart from E. P. Fischer and C. R. Budlong, and the Eastern champions and Western champions, Carr and S. R. Neel, met Saturday to decide whether the challenge for the National doubles should come from Chicago or New York,—there had not been an exciting match throughout the tournament. Really the most entertaining play of the week was furnished on the opening day by H. W. Slocum and Everett Colby *vs.* W. A. Bethel and R. P. Davis. It was ex-champion Slocum's first tournament appearance for a long while, while Messrs Bethel and Davis are the two West Point officers that have been seen so frequently this season, and to such good advantage.

The match was rather closer than the score, 6–3, 6–4, 6–4, suggests, for though the civilians won handily enough, the army representatives hung very closely to them, and were defeated by the superior ground-work of their opponents. Slocum played in surprisingly good form, and could undoubtedly work his way to the semi-final round this year at Newport.

It seems too bad that the latter half of the "first ten" in the ranking of our players should be so weak, when there is so much strength on the retired list. There are ex-champions O. S. Campbell and W. H. Slocum, W. P. Knapp, E. L. and V. G. Hall, Clarence Hobart, Ralph and Ford Huntington, John Howland, Malcolm Chace, and Philip Sears, all out of the game, and most of them as fit to-day as ever. Campbell, in fact, is playing quite as good as at his best. He ought to be among the Newport entries.

Returning to the doubles:—the entries included Campbell and Larned, Davis and Bethel, Slocum and Colby, Hovey and Hobart, E. L. Hall and Post, Fischer and Budlong, Talmage and Davidson, Thomson and Masson, Miller and Colby, and Van Winklet and Debosta. While high-class play was not expected from pairs scratched together with very little preliminary practice in any case and none in most,—yet rather even and interesting performances were looked for. And close work between second-class men is more interesting than one-sided play between the first and second division representatives.

They say realization rarely equals anticipation. It is true of most of the varying phases of life, and it proved the rule at Narragansett Pier in tennis.

As to the tennis, however, Campbell and Larned defaulted, owing to Larned's absence; Van Winklet and Debosta withdrew; and in the semi-finals, when Fischer and Budlong had them four games to love, E. L. Hall and A. W. Post funked in rather an unsportsmanly manner, defaulting the match.

Hovey and Hobart played rather poorly when they beat H. A. Colby and Miller on the first day, but bettered their form the second, when they won from Slocum and E. Colby, although it was wofully weak again when they beat Thomson and Masson. Fischer and Budlong won easily from Talmage and Davidson, the first pair playing a hard driving game. So this left, after a week of defaults and most indifferent play, the finals in the Eastern championship to be decided between Hovey and Hobart and Fischer and Budlong. The first-named pair had shown no form in the tournament above mediocrity, while Fischer and Budlong had practised together more than any of the others, and showed the best double play of the week. Hence the natural inference—that they would make an interesting losing match with Hovey and Hobart—another case of anticipation *vs.* realization. In the first set Fischer volleyed cleverly at the net and Budlong made some excellent cross-court drives; Hovey and Hobart meantime playing poorly; in the second set, Fischer and Budlong had a glimmer of hope, while their opponents relapsed into mediocrity after a brilliant sally; but a brace on Hovey's and Hobart's part shattered all air-castles, and shortly gave them that and the final set, 7–5, 6–4, 6–1.

The tournament was a poor showing of Eastern doubles play, and not nearly so successful or interesting as the Western tournament a few weeks ago at Chicago.

There were exciting moments enough in the last scene of the Narragansett Pier doubles tournament to dispel the ennui which had settled upon the spectators during the week of indifferent tennis.

This was in the match between Carr B. Neel and S. R. Neel, who won the Western championship a few weeks ago at Chicago, and F. H. Hovey and Clarence Hobart, who, two days before, had won the Eastern championship from Fischer and Budlong. It was a contest between the East and West to decide the challenger for the National championship, and the West won a signal and well-merited victory.

Play began with characteristic Hovey and Hobart brilliancy, which gave the Westerners few opportunities to score, and among those unfamiliar with the reserve of the Neels and the tennis eccentricities of the ex-champions created the impression that Hovey and Hobart were to have a chance at Newport this week of regaining the National honor they lost last year. Hobart was playing in better form than he had during the week; his volleying was sharp and telling, while Hovey's work at the net was strong, his short strokes down the side-lines being particularly effective. In fine, the Eastern pair played with dashing confidence and rare skill, and won the set, 6–4.

The second set began as had the first, with Hovey and Hobart maintaining their pace, but the Neels speedily settled to more careful, determined work, lobbing on every occasion, and driving persistently at Hobart, who found much difficulty in volleying. Lobbing, in fact, was the Westerners trump play, and they used it with a persistency that worried the Eastern pair into making many returns into the net and out of court, the set finally going to the Neels, 8–6.

Hovey and Hobart struck their gait again in the third set, doing some splendid team-work, which, together with Hovey's strong service and Hobart's sharp hard drives, won them the set, 6–4. With the score two sets to one in their favor, the Eastern pair started the fourth set, very evidently weakened by the strain the Neels had put upon them, and were a couple of games behind before they pulled together. Then the score reached four games all, when the cool play of the Western pair enabled them to take advantage of their opponents' errors, and to capture the next two games and the set, 6–4.

This made the score two sets all, and the fifth began with the on-lookers greatly aroused, for no Western team had ever before made such a record on Eastern courts. The Neels took the opening game, and then Hovey and Hobart started off as they had in the first set, completely outplaying their opponents, and not letting up until the score stood four games to one in their favor. But at this point their effort had spent its force. The Neels pulled themselves together, and by careful, steady play scored five successive games, winning the set 6–4, the match 4–6, 8–6, 4–6, 6–4, 6–4, and the right to challenge the champions of the United States.

It is the first time, I believe, in the history of American lawn-tennis a Western pair has attained the honor, and the Neels richly deserved it. They won about as much on their opponents' errors as by their own earned strokes, but that is part of the game. They played steadily and carefully from first to last, and while their game lacked the brilliancy of Hovey and Hobart's, it showed more head-work. Besides this, the two features that operated most largely in their behalf were their strong net-work, in which both brothers excel, and the lobbing of Carr Neel, that was timely and remarkably accurate. In earned points the Neels had 183 to their credit to 175 for Hovey and Hobart.

As for Hovey and Hobart, it may honestly be said they did not approach, except for occasional short bursts, the form they have shown at their best. One could get but rare glimpses in the Hovey and Hobart that played the Neels of the Hovey and Hobart that defeated the Irishmen, Pim and Mahoney last year, after an exhibition of the finest double tennis ever seen in this country. Their doubles prowess appears to have been as fugitive as the fame of it was evanescent.

While we are on the press the National championship in doubles is being played at Newport. The chances of the Neels again winning continue good, simply because Wrenn and Chace are not in form. Were they in form, I very much doubt if the Neels could win, because their games are similar, and both Wrenn and Chace are more expert in lobbing. The chances of the Neels winning against Hovey and Hobart would always be better than against Wrenn and Chace.

The annual championship regatta of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, held last week (the 12th and 13th), on Saratoga Lake, was the twenty-fourth, and most gratifying of any in the last half-dozen years. Not that the number of entries was larger than usual, although the classes were satisfactorily filled, but the average rowing form was higher, and the quality of competitors superior to what we have been accustomed. Altogether it was a most successful regatta, from the management of the races to the racing itself, and reflects great credit upon the officers of the N. A. A. O. and its Executive Committee. Next to the League of American Wheelmen, no body organized in the interest of amateur sport has had more complex conditions to handle than this rowing association. That its progress has been marked by so little internal friction and public scandal is due to the character of officials who have directed its course. Ex-President H. W. Garfield set a high standard during his term of office, which Mr. Catlin, the present incumbent, has maintained, while Mr. Fortmeyer has made tireless and wholesome endeavor a tradition of the secretaryship. To these William Jupp, of Detroit, and Walter Stimpson, of Boston, have been conscientious and able coadjutors. They have done much for amateur rowing in this country, and they can do more; for though the atmosphere is clearer than it has ever been, the time for relaxing vigilance has not yet arrived. The purity of any sport rests largely with those who stand as its sponsors. Careful scrutiny of entries, and swift, severe penalization, not only of the individual, but of the club which harbors him, are the surest means to the end of cleanliness. To make clubs realize that dishonesty has no other reward than disclosure and disgrace is probably the most certain, if the most primitive, manner of educating them in the ethics of amateur sport.

The most notable feature of the regatta was its truly national character. Crews were entered from Detroit, Chicago, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and New York, while a single from Toronto and a four from Winnipeg gave an international coloring to three of the events. One of the offices which come clearly within the province of this Association is broadening the scope and national character of its championships. There is no better way of accomplishing this, it seems to me, than by holding the annual regatta every third or fourth year on Western waters. In this way entries could be secured that never come East, and interest aroused where now it languishes. There are clubs at several points on the Mississippi, and at New Orleans, to say nothing of Milwaukee, Minneapolis, and Duluth, besides which crews would undoubtedly be attracted to a Western course from Portland, Seattle, Victoria, and San Francisco that could never hope to come so far East as Saratoga.

Of the actual racing, the honors of the regatta were carried off by J. T. Whitehead in the senior singles, who defeated the Canadian champion E. A. Thompson (time, 10.11), who, in the first heat, had beaten Dr. W. S. McDowell, the '95 champion; by E. H. Ten Eyck, intermediate singles, 9.59; and by the Winnipeg four, which won the international one and a-half miles straightaway in 8.15¾. The other winners were, Ariel, intermediate four, 9.11; Pennsylvania Barge, pair-oared, 10.05¼ (Vesper finished in 9.59¾, but disqualified for not turning right buoy); New York Athletic Club, intermediate eight, straightaway, 8.26; Winnipeg, senior four, 8.59¼; N. Y. A. C., intermediate doubles, 9.21; Baltimore A. C., senior eight, straightaway, 7.48¼ (the N. Y. A. C. second, after a plucky struggle); New York A. C., senior doubles, 9.10¼. The New York A. C., the Ariel, the Baltimore A. C., and the Winnipeg crews showed the best form in the regatta, and the N. Y. A. C. won and deserved more honors than any other club.

Caspar Whitney.

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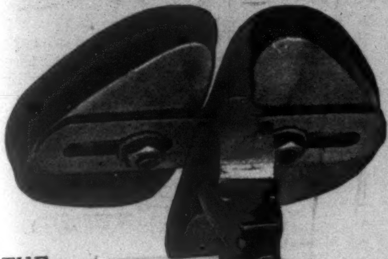

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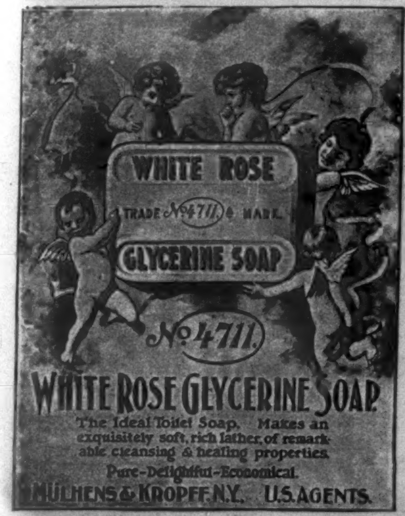

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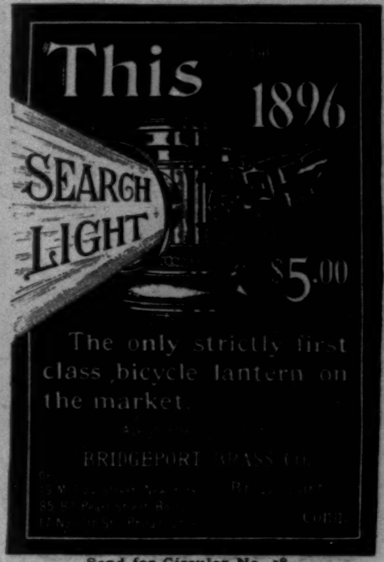

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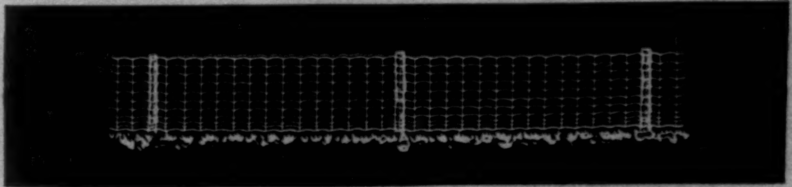

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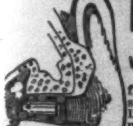

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